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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Noise

NEW YORK is a vast jazz orchestra, throbbing, clanking, hooting, grinding, in a blur of confused vibrations which spreads further than its smoke. We are lapped in pulsatory sound; titillated by shrill notes; smitten by explosions; jarred by raucous rumblings; if the pressure of immediate sound lifts for a moment one hears a deep exciting murmur which never ceases. Quiet is impossible in cities, and undesired of industrialized man, who carries noise with him in trains and motors to prevent the calamity of silence. In the remote country the farm hand jerks his Ford across the thank-you-marms accompanied by satisfying squeaks and rattles, on the way to the station where the evening train will tickle his ear drums with stimulating rhythms.

And the rhythms of our familiar noises are quicker and therefore more exciting than the sedater movements of ancestral life. The air belongs to the steady burr of the motor, to the regular clank clank of the elevated, and to the chitter of the steel drill. Underneath is the rhythmic roll over clattering ties of the subway; above, the drone of the airplane. The recurrent explosions of the internal combustion engine, and the rhythmic jar of bodies in rapid motion determine the tempo of the sound world in which we have to live.

These are fast rhythms, much faster than the heartbeat, faster than footsteps, faster much than breathing, faster than the trot or the gallop of a horse, more intensely vibrant than any of those old rhythms by which we measured time and sensation. Only the maddening roll of the savage tom-tom is as fast as they are, and that was an assault upon the emotions intended to excite and inflame.

* * *

There is nothing fanciful in the assertion that the pitch of modern life is raised by the rhythmic noise that constantly beats upon us. No one strolls in city streets, there is no repose in automobiles or subways, nor relaxation anywhere within the range of a throbbing that is swifter than nature. Our nervous hearts react from noise to more noise, speeding the car, hastening the rattling train, crowding in cities that rise higher and higher into an air that, far above the grosser accidents of sound, pulses with pure rhythm.

Modern poetry is full of excited rhythms that play over the daily confusion of noises, making patterns to represent the speed and urgency of quick vibrations. Modern prose is staccato, discordant, emphatic. Our sentences crack and jerk, but seldom flow. Cheap writers make them as monotonous as the pop-pop of a motor boat, or the bang of wheel on rail end. There is less variety than when the slower and more various rhythms of nature were the unconscious basis of our style—the infinite moods of the wind, bird songs, gushing of waters. But the roll and sway of Victorian prose is out of tune with the choppy waves of modern sound. Those who write that way, write badly. Driven by insistent vibration we cannot turn back.

And since mind and its expression, rhythm and subject, are inseparable, there is an impulse in thinking, a tempo of the imagination which bears a true relation to never ceasing noise. Some minds are constantly drunk with it, but more are always tired and lagging, out of time, out of tune, dull, unrhythmic, flat in what is said, and what is seen, and what is done.

For the writer to escape the hurrying shake and speedy pulse is difficult, and requires, it seems, extraordinary efforts in poetic self control such as Robert Frost has shown or Housman, or in prose such a style as the lovely studied baroque of Elinor Wylie in her "The Venetian Glass Nephew," where one moves consciously to another world, another century, in order to be free of the gas engine's dominance.

What will it all come to? Will we speed up our poor old bodies until they keep the motor's rhythm even though they fag and break? Or shall we escape? Escape seems the most probable alternative, and it is our advice to those who wish to read and wish to write to learn before habit has made it too late now to tune in when need be with older, slower rhythms, shutting the ear and the mind to all motor whirrings, all jazz pulsations, all speed beyond the pace of reflection. It is difficult, but it can be done.

After Dry Weather

By MARK VAN DOREN

IF the people under that portico
Are happy, and point at the pattern drops;
If barehead boys are parading below
Musical eaves of tall house-tops;

If you lean out of the window here,
Contented so with the pavement's shine,
And laugh as the covers of cabs appear
With passengers in them dressed to dine;

If all of the stones that we can see
Are licking their lips, that waited so long—
A meadow I know to the north of me
By a hundred miles has caught the song.

I am certain the clover has lifted its head
For dark, intemperate draughts of rain. . . .
Once even I thought I had heard the tread
Of a plunging horse with a sodden mane.

This Week

"The Perennial Bachelor." Reviewed by *Margaret Deland.*

Vachel Lindsay's Poems. Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*

"The Arctic Forests." Reviewed by *Viljalmur Stefansson.*

"Evolution for John Doe." Reviewed by *Vernon Kellogg.*

Two Books on Russia. Reviewed by *Pitirim Sorokin.*

Next Week, or Later

"Twenty-Five Years," by Viscount Grey. Reviewed by *Alfred G. Gardiner.*

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The Artist's Predicament

By ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

ONE wishes that somebody would do for the artist what Sinclair Lewis has done for the scientist in "Arrowsmith": show what a fight his work costs him.

In fact, of the two needs, the artist's is the greater. However widespread and deplorable may be the failure to grasp the scientist's method, his purpose is nowadays generally understood. Ours is "the age of science", its tenets are in the air. Hardly a daily issues from the press without some scientific discovery or investigation in its columns, and scientific terms adorn all our vocabularies. The laboratory has our universal respect.

Whereas, the artist—no, distinctly, this is not his age. His investigations do not often lead to the practical results by which we have been trained to prove and judge.

And yet the artist and scientist are brothers. Intent on the same thing they labor side by side and eye to eye. What thing? Reality. The inner truth of the great, mysterious universe in which we find ourselves involved. The artist calls it beauty, the scientist fact, but ultimate significance is what they are both after. Reality. The scientist gropes for it with microscope and test tubes, the artist feels his way with brush and pen, both of them fail far oftener than they succeed, both of them are subject to profound discouragement, but neither of them has any choice except to try and try and try again.

* * *

This inner compulsion is a force which is not easily understood by the world at large. Most people work because they have to earn a living or must find some outlet for their activity. Deliberately they choose and adopt their respective occupations, and if they do not succeed in them, they are free to discard and choose again. But the artist (and such a scientist as Arrowsmith) is chosen by his task; from his cradle its inexorable hand is upon him. Rather, its demands are in his blood, and if he does not obey them his whole being languishes. Falling short of success (and what artist ever succeeds?), he must put up with failure; no other mode of life is open to him.

Other people are able to arrange their working days and hours more or less according to a schedule of convenience, and, having done their stint, drop it and go free. "Never think of your job out of office hours" is a well-known business maxim. But the word "vacation" has almost no meaning for scientist or artist. Ebb tides he experiences when, a given task accomplished, the waters of his spirit flow back and leave him stripped and passive. But even then the sound of the waves is in his ears and he is half unconsciously preparing for the next high tide. At all hours, by night and by day, his work is present to his thoughts. Frequently at the most inconvenient moments it demands that he drop everything and attend to it. With a curious mixture of wonder, envy, and disdain, he notes how his fellows avail themselves of every chance to escape. Dumbly he shakes his head when, now and then, they burst in upon him, crying, "Oh, come on, old chap! The car's at the door. This day is too fine to lose." How can he explain to them—if they do not already understand—that it is precisely because the day is too fine to lose that he must stay where he is?

Not that he does or can work every moment. But he must be free to choose his own moments, or to be chosen by them. Moreover, he must not

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be held to account for those which he seems to waste.

Thus far the artist and scientist share a common experience. But each has his own difficulties, peculiar to himself, and each in the long run travels a lonely road. The artist's chief trouble is one which nobody else in the world seems to have and which is so serious that it amounts to a real predicament: he must somehow manage to eat his cake of life and yet to keep it intact for observation.

Life is the artist's material, the stuff in which he works. Unless he lives richly and fully, he has nothing to say with brush or pen; because he lives, he is driven to express the beauty, sorrow, mystery, joy he finds in existence. But, unless he frees himself and stands off, he cannot even see things as they really are, and to get them into words or colors requires an illimitable sense of time and space, a very desert of detachment. How to do it? It cannot be done. One simply cannot both give oneself wholly to life and reserve oneself for art. Yet the artist must. The strain of the dilemma, more than his famous "temperament", is apt to be responsible for the occasional irritation he displays.

* * *

All kinds of efforts and experiments are made by artists and by those sympathetically interested in them to solve their basic problems. Art colonies are established where writers, painters, and musicians may congregate and devote themselves to their respective callings. But, after awhile, life in a colony seems unreal. It is too carefully studied, it lacks spontaneity. And what is the essence of life and art but spontaneity? Moreover, no artist wants to associate exclusively with fellow craftsmen. Not among them lies his material but among the common men and women of the world at large. He suffocates in an art colony and runs for his life.

Back in the haphazard world, among his old perils and difficulties, he perhaps tries to arrange a sort of program for himself, whereby he may live part of the time and work the other part. But he soon finds that his moods are perverse, they will not hold to the hours he has arranged for them. Nor, in the long run, will they consent to segregation at all, but insist on ruling him simultaneously, pulling him this way and that as the sun pulls and pushes the earth. Any sort of "arrangement" soon proves self-conscious and artificial, not to be tolerated.

As luck will have it, the environment which many artists find most congenial is precisely that where their difficulties are at the worst. A country village gives to its inhabitants the fulness of life, unstudied and spontaneous as a mountain torrent, deep and fundamental as a rooted tree. Artistic material is here not something externally sought and observed, but something which wells up in the common soul. It is absolutely authentic and authoritative. Unfortunately, however, all sorts of interest and activities well up with it, and, in so far as the artist is sincere, he recognizes the complex claim of his environment.

Sometimes he is protected by nature with a selfishness which should be counted for righteousness to him. It enables him to consider the book or picture on which he is engaged as more important than all affairs of church or state. But generally his egotism is only skin deep. An artist is nothing if not sensitive, responsive, aware of the needs and desires of the world about him, adept at getting other people's points of view. He knows perfectly how he must look to the citizen who dashes in to ask him to serve on a Hospital Fund committee and finds him smoking in his studio arm chair. "You won't? You're too busy? Well, I must say — —!" Nor can hre explain the travail of soul which the citizen interrupted and which must now prove abortive and begin all over again. The value of hospitals is as apparent to him as to any one. Why should he turn from a definite, tangible service, the filling of a crying need, to devote himself to the creation of something which nobody wants now, which nobody may ever want, which he himself may in the end have to repudiate? Innumerable failures have taught him humility.

He understands readily why it is that he is more often called upon for community services than his neighbors, the farmer or the store-keeper. He seems to have more leisure and he really has it. Leisure is his stock in trade. He cannot hurry from chore to chore as the farmer hurries; he cannot do up his pictures and poems in one package after another as the store-keeper does up his sugar and tea. He must have margins—the wider the better—in which to pause and wait and stand off, in which to annotate. Often enough it happens that the margin of his day is more valuable to him than the text, and, realizing this, he guards it jealously. Not on his front steps dare he sit and meditate a moment, lest some passer-by, seeing him at leisure, stop and ask him to make a poster for the church fair; not even in his garden dare he hoe his beans. Through his back door he steals off unseen and in the berry bushes smokes a reflective pipe. Small wonder if a neighbor, spying him there, deems him a lazy fraud!

One other integral trouble, peculiar to the artist, lays him open to misunderstanding. In so far as he succeeds in giving fit and final expression to an experience, he loses interest in it; and so he seems unstable, insincere. Fortunately for him, his successes are, as we have already indicated, so rare as to be almost non-existent. But even in the partial degree of their occasional attainment, they have an element of tragedy. "I told my love, I told my love——Ah! she did depart!" As in the case of his other predicament, the artist has no choice. He is born to give expression to experience, to analyze it, study it, learn it through and through, and then distill it into words or colors that other people may better understand their own similar experiences. And it is not his fault that his work, once finished, becomes for him empty and dead, so that he must put it behind him and pass on to the expression of something else.

Of course this necessity has a compensating value in that it ensures growth. The universe is wide and no artist (perhaps not even God himself) has yet come to the end of it. But man's nature loves to cling and abide as well as explore. Probably Michael Angelo came nearer an ultimate expression of life than any other artist, and his face is very sad.

Take him by and large then, the artist seems an unhappy creature. Oh! but he is not, he is not at all! When he is working well he always thinks that this time he is going to look into the very heart of reality and put into clear words or colors what he discovers there, and no human happiness can compare with this. It is godlike, it harks back to the first chapter of Genesis. Even the ensuing disappointment, bitter though it may be, is also godlike, harking back to the Flood.

The artist is not to be pitied; he is only to be tolerantly understood as, on the whole, no fit member of a modern community with its engagements and committee meetings, its routine activities. He cannot be depended upon for the cooperation which is the keystone of modern life. What to do with him then? That is the question. Its answer depends upon the esteem in which society holds his discoveries and interpretations. As things are now, only the most ruthless, self-reliant natures can hope to make thoroughly good artists, and even they have to work with one hand while with the other they defend themselves.

A Good Play

THE VORTEX. By NOEL COWARD. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925.

Reviewed by MARY CASS CANFIELD

THE advertisement on the jacket of "The Vortex", Noel Coward's play, at present appearing in New York, both in book form and on the stage of Henry Miller's Theatre, assures prospective readers that in this piece of work they "will recognize the same urbane and polished note which they have welcomed in the novels of Michael Arlen".

Now, to some of us, Mr. Arlen's urbanity seems irritatingly similar to the interested urbanity of the headwaiter in a fashionable restaurant, while his polish is first cousin to the inestimable gloss on Rolls Royces and other expensive articles of the eight cylinder, balloon tire, shock-absorbing variety. Mr. Coward's urbanity is more nonchalant and less insidious than Mr. Arlen's, his polish is a less spurious and self-conscious quality. He is more good-natured, easier, intellectually better bred. Although he is dealing with the same limited, hectic, and sophisticated set which enthralls Mr. Arlen, his point of view is saved from snobbism by his very real humor—humor, the aristocrat which knows no superiors because it is a good mixer and treats all humanity as a peer.

Mr. Coward has written a play distinguished by the uncanny and diverting naturalism of its conversation, its light underlining of character, and its excellent dramatic situations. He is a master of that brevity which is the soul of dialogue. His lines are compact, colloquial, and deliciously likely. The same technique appears in the construction of his acts, each scene significant and plausible in itself, and yet leading gradually up to a sharp emotional climax. The end of his second act is especially remarkable for its original handling and dramatic intensity. It is not possible to quarrel with his equipment as a dramatist; his virtuosity is definitely established when his play comes to the stage and its superb acting qualities are realized.

When all is said and done, the theatre should first of all be good entertainment and Mr. Coward does not fail in this respect. "The Vortex" is "a good show" and to say this about a play is never to hand out faint praise. Having registered gratitude for being so much held, amused, and perhaps affected, one may begin to pick and choose a little; to say that, in Mr. Coward's point of view and attack, one likes some things better than others. Mr. Coward is worth discussing and worth disagreeing with. He is brilliant and, on the whole, sincere. He is, often, an artist. One cannot put him in the Michael Arlen class. He is not a pyrotechnical, slightly dubious parlor entertainer. The danger for him lies, of course, in that direction. To write social comedy and not become smartly artificial, to be witty and remain honest, to brush in superficialities so that they shall be recognizable and yet to preserve a sense of life beneath appearances—only the great comic writers and satirists have managed to do this. For Mr. Coward's own good, one would like to see him develop the high, irresistible purpose which lies behind Molière's gaiety, Sheridan's gaiety—the biting hatred of sham and of the second-rate which is at the bottom of the true satirist's creative passion. To be a good hater is to be a good lover. And, after all, the mark of the artist is his emotion toward life.

Mr. Coward shows possibilities as an artist. He uses his humor, which is, incidentally, more a sense of fun than an epigrammatic wit, as a foil with which to tilt at the fatuousness of the people he describes. This is as it should be. He presents with irony, a cross-section of London's fast set, pleasure-chasing, vaguely æsthetic, bored, rather lost. He draws a silly, pretty woman clinging to her vanishing youth, her lovers, the many-colored expedients with which she fulfils her insatiable appetite for experience. He deals with her son, neglected, temperamental, talented, and ruining himself with drugs in the attempt to escape from a reality which his upbringing and circumstances have unfitted him to cope with. Mr. Coward presents these people deftly, with amusing footnotes on the absurdities of modern, cosmopolitan existence and yet with an underlying, nervous fervor. His climax, when the son faces his mother and accuses her of causing his shipwreck by her years of self-indulgent neglect is frankly unbearable—in the same key as Hamlet's scene with Queen Gertrude.

And yet, if one is left uncomfortable by the situation, it is less because the play has to do with an "unpleasant" subject than because one feels, in the treatment, more hysterics than emotion and that the dramatist, himself, is a trifle fascinated and fooled by the frenzied rhythm of the very life he seems to deplore. Unconsciously, he has been gripped by some tentacle of the monster he depicts—"the Vortex" of sensationalism which is sucking down the over-civilized, useless society he describes. To write such a play is, of course, in the Freudian sense, an attempt at evading these perilous toils. Mr. Coward has, however, not quite made good his escape. To save his soul as an artist, he must trust less to his sensations and more to his heart. Otherwise, he will remain what he is now; at his best, brilliant, full of brio, inventiveness, and freshly humorous touches —amused and amusing—a playboy among the artificialities of high society.

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A Family Panorama

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR. By ANNE PARRISH. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by MARGARET DELAND

ANNE PARRISH in "The Perennial Bachelor" (a not altogether happy title) has undertaken to do what Rose Macaulay did in "Told by an Idiot"; present, in words, a panorama of generations. She has done so with less brilliancy than the English author, and far greater art, humanity, and truth. Where "Told by an Idiot" caricatures with cleverness, "The Perennial Bachelor" unrolls the years without "smartness," or screeches of contrast. Miss Parrish never calls our attention to chronological contrasts; she never points out "Daniel" to us! As we all remember, in our Pictorial Bible Histories, the prophet, in the lion's den, was surrounded by bristling manes and hideous fangs and lashing tails, and underneath this frightful presentment was neatly printed the following note: *"Daniel will be distinguished by the green cotton umbrella."* Miss Parrish does not mention the umbrella. Consequently the mind of 1850 never screeches at the mind of 1925. She even refrains from dates; this will make it difficult for younger people to place happenings historically. For older persons, incidents are dates; the reading of stories by Mayne Reid, or a theatre party to see Lily Langtry, or

> Shoo fly don't bother me
> For I belong to Company G.

One cannot, however, be quite sure of the beginning of the Campion family's American panorama, though it must have been approximately in the modest 50's, because "Mamma," who read "Miss Proctor's darling, lovely poems," was so very refined about referring to babies—that is expected babies.

Of course, such refinement dates the beginning of the Campion story; that, and their clothes, and food, and traditions, and religiosity; so it is clear enough that Papa and Mamma got married before the Civil war. "Papa" was Victor Campion, and he fell in love with his Margaret because she was so sweet, and pure, and timid; such a womanly woman!—without an idea in her little lovely head. And she would keep his house perfectly, and feed him well, and give him those indelicate things, babies—which he probably hoped would be all of his own (coarse) sex.

All this might make it appear that Papa was as big a fool as Mamma; but that was not the case. There is only a line or two here and there about the head of the Campion family, but those lines are flashlights:—we see a fine, rather noble young man, of intelligence and character and humor, who adored his pretty, silly wife;—and his brains account for the fact that one of his children, Maggie, also had brains, and character, and the joy of living. Mamma explains the other three; though not, perhaps, entirely the youngest (who was to become the Perennial Bachelor—) the son for which the father longed so intensely, who was born the day the father died.

Well, then a little later we know it is the period of the 60's because when Mamma hears about battles, her eyes fill, and she catches her baby son to her breast, thankful that he, at any rate, doesn't have to fight! And also because, even before Mamma's black crepe melts into violet muslins, Uncle Willie has been obliged to tell her that Victor had not left her quite as much as had been expected. "The war has hit us both," said Uncle Willie. Mamma was shocked to learn how war hit people—people like ourselves, you know; *nice* people. But Mamma promises Uncle Willie, through her pocket handkerchief, to economize.

By economy on top hats, Mamma, and the poor, darling, fatherless children stayed on in the noble old home—furnished so marvellously and atrociously—and, somehow, they had *very* good things to eat. And they rode in their carriage, and Mamma wore pretty dresses with senorita bodies—I don't know that date. And Maggie read " 'Blind Lillies; or Fellowship with God. A Tale for the Young.' By A Lady." And May had " 'Arthur's and Marion's Sundays,' by Mrs. Bradley and Miss Neeley." But Maggie—whether because of or in spite of "Blind Lillies" we are not told—grew in character, and good sense, and devotion to the rest of the Campions, especially to little Victor; and the other two sisters grew like Mamma, *but* so harmlessly, so prettily, so *truly!*

As for Victor, surrounded by adoring females, what could he do but grow in pleasantness and amiability and selfishness? Curiously, watching Victor's easy slide to Avernus, the reader does not dislike him. Generally selfish people in books are so overloaded with unpleasantness that one dislikes them with vehemence. But Victor, imprisoned in the adoring love of his family, is as pathetic as a canary bird in a cage, because his soul—a sweet soul, his mind—a fair mind, are caught in the worship of Mamma and Lily and May, and even of kind, lovable, sensible Maggie, so that he can't help being selfish. Here Miss Parrish's art is of an especial quality; she makes no ethical suggestions; she never says that two and two make four; nevertheless, the reader knows that though unselfish persons grow in grace, they generally do so at the expense of their families. This slaving attitude of women towards men gives us an approximate date; that, and Lily's getting so tired of doing the Grecian bend, puts us in the 70's.

In spite of the flattening of Mamma's purse, there is one expenditure that was inevitable, Victor must go to Harvard—Papa's college. But before Maggie's straining efforts could accomplish this, the picture darkens:

> O Father of mercies and God of all comfort, our only help in time of need; look down from Heaven, we humbly beseech thee, behold, visit, and relieve thy sick servant—

A full length portrait in water colors of Rudyard Kipling, made by a Chinese artist

Mamma dies. Then Maggie carries the whole burden. . . . And Love makes Victor's comfortable prison narrower and narrower.

All this is but an outline of this full, rich, deep picture of two generations of American life. There is a background of aunts and cousins and friends; of sky, and flowers, and weeds, and driving rains; of nights and days, of evening dusks and morning mists.

As the first cylinder of the panorama grows thinner, the opposite cylinder grows fatter and fatter. As the picture moves it is so pitifully inevitable that Victor should not know when he bores people; or when he is snubbed; or that he has sucked Maggie's life out. How can he know these things—robbed, as he has been, by his womankind? The story ends with the one sister who is left him, watching:

> Lily was . . . at the window, standing over the register, her skirts ballooning with heat. She ran to the door to let him in.
>
> "Oh, Victor, you did look so nice coming along the road! I always think there's no one in the world looks as nice in a silk hat as you!"

So it is that, in all this quiet, relentless story—of beauty, and tragedy, and tenderness, and foolishness, and love—the author, unrolling the picture with superb and balanced truth, never cries out, "Look! *There* is Daniel!—You will know him by the green cotton umbrella!"

Stepping Out

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER! By MEREDITH NICHOLSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $2 net.

Reviewed by ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY

"STEPPING OUT"—among youngish married couples today seeking a second blooming, and what it gets 'em and all—is what Mr. Meredith Nicholson's new book is about. That is the fact. It is being said that the book was suggested to the author by the alimony book at the Marion County Courthouse, and that it "deals" with the "divorce evil."

The particular goings-on chronicled all happen in the city of Indianapolis, street names and everything all given. And if such things can be in that seat of Americanism, then they must be rife everywhere in this our country, and now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. This, I take it, is Mr. Nicholson's platform.

The people in the story are not sophisticates; certainly no one would call them that. They are just about as home-grown as you could find 'em. Those who are sound are as sound as corn. As to the others, the truth is that their cuttin'-up is just plain low-down. What Mr. Nicholson has shown us is that, alas! there are vulgar people even in the Wabash Valley, and that fine natures cannot dwell in harmony with mean ones. In this, he has written earnestly a story the indisputable interest of which challenges critical curiosity.

For one thing, this novel brings a curious new light to the view of Mr. Nicholson—an unsuspected and undeniable talent as a reporter of low life is discovered. Can it be that as light romancer, as well-mannered essayist, as popular novelist, he has all along mistaken his *métier?* At any rate, here in a manner which rings the bell at every turn he has drawn, in the wife who "plays around," a woman passing for petty respectable but vulgar to the heart's core. Her pal with a shady past, the rowdy Elsie, is a portrait of raciness all compact. At a big hotel is put on a "party," well fitted out with "scenery," which is a first-rate literary flashlight of such a scene. And the chronic drunkard, and grandstand success in business, Joe Weston, is a perfectly genuine alcoholic.

In fact, it is in the parts of the story where the author turns away from feminine silliness and folly, masculine coarseness and greed, and general vulgarity, and takes up again with goodness that, in short, he is not so good—as a draughtsman, or, indeed, as a moralist. The reviewer should not give away the story, so we'll let it go at this: Mr. Nicholson's "curtain" is bad in art, in that it mocks the ironic intention of his title, so long sustained; and it might reasonably be contended that it is bad in morals, in that it joins together those whom God, working through human character, has put asunder.

An Unhappy Boy

THE HUNTER'S MOON. By ERNEST POOLE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. POOLE has turned aside from his more ambitious themes, and written a story that is simple, slight, and in some degree winning. He presents a little boy in an unhappy New York home—a boy whose father and mother are just recognizing the ruin of their marriage. He shows us Amory living in an ideal world of his own, which he has made an escape from the cheap and ugly realities about him: a world of cowboys, Indians, cattle, big game, and all the glamour of the Far West. This world created partly by himself and partly by a companioning grandfather, is the boy's most precious possession, and the tragic possibility of the story is that the wreck of the home will smash it to bits. That is, Amory seems likely to pass under the control of a domineering grandmother who will take all such nonsense cut of him. But in the end the tragedy is averted.

The characters are as clearly individualized as the narrow limits of the action permit. The essential conflict is not between the parents so much as between Grandfather Wade and Grandmother Barnes. Two people could hardly live at more opposite poles. Grandfather Wade is a delightfully fresh, youthful, shrewd old globe-trotter,

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who blows into New York from time to time with the winds of Russia, or Colorado, or South America behind him. He collects songs and music; he knows life, and looks out upon it with the kindliness of a Mr. Cheeryble, the patient wisdom of a sage. The grandmother is a harsh, narrow-minded woman of strong character, whose life has been spent battling for dollars, and whose conception or happiness is devotion to some money-making enterprise. She rules her son, she and an unsuccessful business together have broken up the home, and now she is determined to have the boy.

Mr. Poole's primary concern is with Amory. He wants to show how life buffets a sensitive youngster whose parents hardly speak, whose mother trembles before a hateful grandmother, and who loves a grandfather whom he seems about to lose. The author brings out many moments of pathos, and a few of poignant tragedy. We see the youngster lying on the apartment house roof with Grandfather Wade, planning a long trip to a ranch; we see him in the clutches of his grandmother, blacking shoes to earn a dime. But Mr. Poole cannot make a book out of these slender materials, and from time to time has to tell the story of the ruined home from the adult standpoint. It is a sympathetic, comprehending view that he offers. He shows us that grandmother Barnes is not really mean and bullying, but a tragically frustrated woman. He shows us that Amory's father, trying to make a living without a wife's sympathy, and Amory's mother, trying to get some fun out of life without a husband's help, are both more to be pitied than condemned.

After each such digression Mr. Poole comes back to the boy, who understands so little of the conflict ragging over him, and finds such mute anguish in it. Necessarily the book suffers from this dual point of view. It suffers also from an occasional tendency of the author to cross the line separating sentiment from sentimentality. In the end it achieves a neat climax, with the recognition by Amory's grandmother that while she may have the best legal claim upon him, it is the grandfather's spiritual claim that counts. But the author's real failure lies in his inability to penetrate deeply enough into the boy's mind or heart to be convincing. He shows us an unusual lad, yet he makes of him altogether too simple a psychological study. The incidents chosen do not exhibit him with enough variety. He touches us, but he does not impress us as a living individual. After all, it is the adults in whom the reader finds himself chiefly interested, and it is the grandfather who remains the most vivid character. Mr. Poole should stick to the adult world.

Vachel Lindsay

COLLECTED POEMS. By VACHEL LINDSAY. Revised and Illustrated Edition. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE new edition of Vachel Lindsay's "Collected Poems" is a complete and often cruel exhibition of the various elements which provoke Lindsay to be one of the most exciting as well as one of the dullest of living poets. His friends, hoping to find, with each new volume, a composite of his gifts, have ceased expecting the desired synthesis; instead of a fusion, Lindsay presents not only a confusion but a disintegration. How could it be otherwise? Lindsay's aims, like his gifts, have always been not merely scattered and uncertain but flatly irreconcilable. As a crusader his work shows him to have been a Socialist, a Missionary, a Campbellite, a Pacifist, a Jingo, a Prohibitionist, a Buddhist anxious to make his Springfield into a city of golden cathedrals. As a political prophet, he has celebrated Bryan, Roosevelt, Lincoln, and Kerensky with equal fervor. His "Litany of the Heroes" chants of Amenophis Fourth, St. Paul, Dante, Darwin, Woodrow Wilson, and Socrates in the order given. He has written tributes to Edwin Booth, Mae Marsh, motion picture actress; John L. Sullivan, Jane Addams, Lucifer, and the Salvation Army. At present, his twin gods are Johnny Appleseed and Prince Siddartha. While he has not repudiated "The Congo," he is no longer interested in the spirit which prompted it, being at present a metaphysical Egyptologist *via* the art museum. "My business is not jazzing, but Springfield and hieroglyphic and vision-seeing adventure."

The result, as might be imagined, is a mass of writing which is anything but a successful mixture. Lindsay, it is evident, grows less and less self-critical. "Collected Poems," originally published in 1923, contained 390 pages with a twenty-four page preface amazing in its naïveté. The present enlarged and illustrated volume contains over 500 pages, three added groups of doubtful value, and several exquisite full-page drawings. Lindsay, one might imagine, has seized the opportunity to delete his much too protesting preface. On the contrary, it stands, with a few corrections, exactly as it was first printed—plus a second and even more astonishing expostulation which rambles through forty-eight more preliminary pages.

There can be no doubt that Lindsay is in serious danger as a creator. He has become garrulous and, worse, badly repetitious. For example, his identification with Johnny Appleseed leads him to end his new preface ("Adventures While Preaching Hieroglyphic Sermons") with a dozen poems arbitrarily entitled "Johnny Appleseed's Ship Comes In," "Johnny Appleseed's Hymn to the Sun," etc. One's displeasure is not allayed by finding one of Lindsay's old poems ("How I Walked Alone in The Jungle of Heaven") on page 350, and the very same set of verses with a change of title ("How Johnny Appleseed Walked Alone in The Jungle of Heaven") on page lxi of the same volume. The preface betrays the lamentable fact that Lindsay is no longer willing or able to let his poetry speak for itself. He is continually conscious of his audience; he pleads with it ("These and similar questions I want to talk over with you in your town. I do not want to recite 'The Congo.' You can recite it yourself as well as I can."); he scolds it for labelling him a ragtime poet ("In consequence of my having recited for a million people in their Sunday clothes, most of my friends have insisted on 'jazzing' the motive of my life."); he instructs it in a tone close to asperity ("This book should be opened to those same drawings and held on the knees of those who welcome me, and want to know precisely my message. Dear reader, either bring the book or stay away!"). Even in the north star chamber of his soul he seems to be aware of an auditorium full of high school girls giggling and applauding at the wrong moment.

Lindsay's other danger, and one not unrelated to his recent distrust of vaudeville levels, is his unremitting desire to be profound or prophetic. What mars much of his later work is an attempt to give every wisp of fantasy a cosmic or at least a national significance. In Leonora Speyer's collection of American poets, handsomely printed by Kurt Wolff in Munich, Lindsay's intoxicating chant "The Ghosts of the Buffaloes" was printed with an incredibly irrelevant fragment from another poem tacked on to it—a hortatory "Would I might rouse the Lincoln in you all!" This very curious postscript reappears in the 1923 Collected Poems concluding the chant with a bewilderingly incongruous effect. Never has there been so treacherous a mixture of patriotism and poetry; never has a creator of sonorous stanzas written so many lifeless and fatuous lines. The very tone of voice frequently rasps with its predetermined overemphasis; passage upon passage proceeds without evoking a fresh thought or a vivid image; here, too often, is mere physical energy whipping up some trivial idea. Lindsay's heart may be in the right place; his words—at least half of them—are not. Instead of being master of his syllables, he is their intoxicated dupe.

But the reader must be warned that this indictment does not begin to cover the case for or against Lindsay. All that has been said represents the debit or discredit side of the ledger. To Lindsay's credit even his most grudging detractors would have to give evidence. The very undiscriminating vitality which has been guilty of the ineptitudes of "Niagara," "The Blacksmith's Serenade," the tawdry platitudes of "A Doll's Arabian Nights" and most of the pseudo-mystical verses—this same raucous vigor has produced some of the most insinuating and most recognizably American poetry of the period. The animal spirits which rise out of "The Congo" are not only contagious but indigenous; the almost incredible exuberance which leaps from "The Sante Fé Trail," "The Booker Washington Trilogy," and "The Kallyope Yell" could only, as any European would acknowledge at once, have come out of a country as vibrant, as responsive, and as æsthetically immature as Lindsay's. Nor is this true of the revivalist only when he is shouting. "The Chinese Nightingale" and the delicate moon poems are as autochthonous in accent as any of the more stentorian ballads. There is, as has been stated, a crisis evidenced in this cumulative volume. Lindsay stands at the juncture of two roads, uncertain which to take and venturing tentative steps down both. He yearns back to the romantically religious strain sounded in the early pamphlets—but the raw tones and rude rhythms of his tympanic pieces prevent him from recapturing the dulcet line. In a fret of uncertainty, he attempts the dynamic effects with which he played so skilfully—and a piece like the fumbling "Billboards and Galleons" is the result.

> Each day is Biloxi's birthday party,
> Splendid with many a sun-kissed wonder,
> Splendid with many a swimming girl.
> Oh, there is melted the heart of stone,
> Fantasy, rhyme, and rhapsody ring.
> From street car and Ford and yellow taxi,
> Argosies crowded to shrieking capacity—
> With moon-struck boy and sun-struck girl.
> Tourists, residents, what you please—
> From the whirling south, from the whirling north,
> Bees near the hive,
> Or far from home,
> Dreaming of love like honeycomb.

It seems unbelievable that the author of such blatant doggerel is also the author of a dozen ringing chants, of an entirely new poetic *genre*, of a spiritual syncopation which made its creator appear as a combination Galahad and St. Francis touring the country with a jazz-band. The very opening lines of his percussive compositions were stirring in their immediate vivacity. For example:

> Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,
> Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable,
> Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,
> Pounded on the table,
> Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,
> Loud as they were able.
> Boom, *boom*, BOOM!
>
> —From "*The Congo.*"

It is a perplexing problem, this wavering between brassy declamations and pianissimo confidences. The indecision is everywhere. There is scarcely a page which does not contradict another. At one moment Lindsay lifts his voice in a rousing appeal for peace, "Sew the Flags Together"; in another mood he becomes a rabid, fire-breathing Security Leaguer shouting:

> And now old Andrew Jackson fights
> To set the sad big world to rights.
> He joins the British and the French.
> He cheers up the Italian trench.
> He's making Democrats of these,
> And freedom's sons of Japanese.
> His hobby horse will gallop on
> Till all the infernal Huns are gone.

It is not unnatural that, under pressure of the patriotic moment, Lindsay should have been willing to allow the instant to dictate such unworthy banalities; what is incredible (and significant) is that he allows such lines to reappear in print in 1925. What, one wonders, is to save him from himself? If there is hope, it is in his dominant characteristic—his gusto. Even the weakest of his echolalia-propelled verses reveal the side-spring, the untamed fancy, the whimsical "child-wedded" heart sworn to (and who shall say this is not typically native?) a dozen contemporary crusades. Lindsay's wildness of imagination, outliving his muddled theories, will remain to charm those who delight neither in the preacher nor the propagandist but in one of the most original rhapsodists who is at the same time the most daring verbal musician of our day. His admirers should be grateful that, though Lindsay the missionary has often converted Lindsay the minstrel, something in the ryhmer remains unpersuaded and puckishly nonconforming.

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The Empty North

THE ARTIC FORESTS. By MICHAEL H. MASON. New York: George H. Doran. 1925.

Reviewed by VILJALMUR STEFANSSON

Author of "The Northward Course of Empire"

THERE are signs that the book-buying public is getting tired of arctic heroics, and beginning to demand travel stories that describe the country as it really is. A sign of that changing fashion is this book recently off the press. It is novel, to begin with, to speak of the arctic forests at all. It used to be *de rigeur* to suppress them entirely and to assume that everything up there was a waste of ice and snow. But Mr. Mason flaunts trees in your face in title, text, and pictures. Nor does he hide the grass and flowers when he comes to the arctic prairie.

In June, 1921, for instance, he was at Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River, about a hundred miles south of the arctic circle, and northward bound.

> We built our boat . . . . it took us a good week sawing up the big spruce logs into lumber . . . . It is a cheerful, happy life, floating down the big river . . . . the birds that go south in winter are back to their nesting places in the North. Cranes, swans, wavies, grey geese, laughing geese, divers, and ducks of every known variety. On every grassy bank the grey Canada geese may be seen waddling. As we float down, an otter may be seen looking from the mouth of a little creek, musk rats splashing about under the banks, a beaver swimming swiftly down the strong current. Spruce chickens and the now dark-coated snowshoe rabbits are hopping and fussing along the bank. Sometimes a porcupine waddles across a sandbar, looking like a cross between a bear and an old lady's pug-dog. The water is covered with ducks, loons and gulls, . . . terns flying around the boat utter their curious buzzing cry. A bear moves restlessly along a rocky ridge, and, more rarely, a sharp eye may see a moose, his horns half grown, watching the boat with his big trumpet ears uplifted . . .
>
> We always travel by night, when the air is cool and the game is out . . . Mosquitoes are the one thing that make life unenviable in the summer of the Northland.

Speaking of the country about a hundred miles north of the circle, our author says: "The (Mackenzie) delta is a nice place; great, tall spruce and tamarack, straight as masts right down the west side; unlimited fish and fur."

* * *

When they leave the Mackenzie River and begin their overland travel, Mr. Mason gives us this description of the prairie about a hundred miles north of the arctic circle:

> Little birds of every conceivable variety, including humming birds, are darting and hovering about. Every little lake is covered with loons and ducks and geese. Patches of snow (this was in the spring and up in mountains) show caribou, bear, and wolverine tracks. Ptarmigan sit stupidly watching us . . . . The whole plateau is a garden of flowers, pulsing and throbbing with summer life, and the crying of loons follows us everywhere . . The mosquitoes are devilish. All the venomous hatred in the world seems to have been concentrated in this stinging, buzzing plague of insects. They cover your head-net in a blinding swarm, they cover an ungloved hand within a few seconds so that it looks as though it had been plunged in tar. If you lift the net to smoke or eat or get it caught in a branch, they come in by hundreds and make your neck, ears, and face a torment to you. The dogs, poor creatures, are almost blinded by them, though their bodies are protected by the heavy fur.

I can offer personal corroboration of most things in Mr. Mason's book, for in July, 1906, and again in September, 1907, I was on the same Peel-Bell trail that he describes. At one time or another I have made nearly every journey he made, although not always at the same season of year or by the same method of conveyance. My trips were between 1906 and 1918; his between 1921 and 1923.

If I had not been over the particular country, I should have been much puzzled over certain errors that have crept into this extraordinarily truthful book. But knowing the conditions, I can see that Mr. Mason describes correctly everything he actually saw, but that he was either a little uncritical about things that were told to him, or else misheard or misremembered the information.

I cannot believe, for instance, that there were any wolves weighing 200 pounds, although he makes this statement outright; I have killed a good many wolves in the same country. The heaviest one I ever weighed was 105 pounds, and I feel sure that none are more than 120 pounds, at the most.

Still, one cannot say that 200 pounds is a physical impossibility. But any schoolboy can figure out that Mr. Mason is wrong when he says that when you stand on the arctic circle, with level country surrounding you, the sun will be completely below the horizon in mid-winter. Either Mr. Mason was misinformed, or else he arrived at this conclusion by thoughtlessly assuming that because the sun is just above the northern horizon at midnight of June 22nd, it would, therefore, be just below the southern horizon at midday of December 22nd. As a matter of fact, the arctic circle is calculated with reference to the center of the sun instead of its edge, so that even if there were no refraction, half the sun would be visible above the horizon. But there is refraction, and therefore all of it is visible on December 22nd, instead of all of it being hidden as Mr. Mason says.

It is extremely unfortunate that there should be several such outright errors at the very opening of the book, for it may lead some readers to think that the author is unreliable and careless. I do find him a little careless, as stated, in repeating what was told to him; but no writer could be more straightforward and correct about the things he actually saw.

The chapter headed "The Future Empire" contains the main thesis of the book. Here Mr. Mason gives his full allegiance to the new school of travelers who consider most of the drawbacks and terrors of the arctic to be partly or wholly mythical. We quote Mr. Mason's own statement, so far as space permits:

> The majority of people have been led, by sensational fiction and insufficient education, to believe that the arctic regions are uniformly barren wastes, inhospitable and cold, where life is a continual round of hardship . . . . Nothing is more detrimental to the progress of Canada than this apparently ineradicable fallacy . . . . civilization is continually marching northward.

Mr. Mason then goes into an argument which has been much used of late years by those who believe that there is no northward limit, except the ocean, to profitable and comfortable settlements of the arctic by Europeans. He deals with this both by logic applied to the laws governing climate, and by citing numerous examples of places which were considered too cold for settlement thirty or forty years ago, but which are now as prosperous as other colonies thousands of miles south of them.

* * *

The chapter closes with an appeal to Canadians and to the British in general to awaken to the possibilities of their empty northern lands. He argues that if the Arctic were as damnable as popularly imagined, "Would not we who have lived there be the first to denounce it? But we all sing the same song of praise, and no one ever believes us . . . . Surely enterprise is not so dead that a nation (Canada) can be unaware of the existence of over half of its territory. It would seem so! . . . . the newest country in all the globe holds out her arms" for colonists, which, Mr. Mason says, need only be of the same type as those who have already settled Michigan, Minnesota, Manitoba, and Alberta. For, he points out, the climate is not essentially different. The winters are longer but not appreciably colder; the summers are shorter but just as hot. He finds the winters disagreeably cold at 70° below zero; he finds the summers disagreeably hot, for he reports 100° and even 110° in the shade north of the Arctic circle. But he says "For two years I lived the life . . . in the northern wilderness. I never look back on it with anything but pleasure and a longing to return."

To scientists, educators and, in particular, to the authors of school geographies, this book is an appeal for a new attitude toward the Arctic that shall be based on observed facts and scientific principles instead of inherited prejudice. To the Canadians and the British, it is an appeal that ignorance be removed so that colonization may progress along natural lines. To the mere reader, it is a travel story, unique in spots, frequently interesting and sometimes thrilling, although the author never sees himself as any more of a hero than you are when you dodge through street traffic.

"Hamlet" Without Hamlet

EVOLUTION FOR JOHN DOE. By HENSHAW WARD. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by VERNON KELLOGG

IN THE first paragraph of the first chapter of these first lessons in evolution for the popular mind, the author says that "in this book there is no reference to any ape-like creature and no discussion of the descent of man." Which is playing Hamlet with the melancholy Dane off scene.

The reason for doing this is explained by the author in this first paragraph as follows:

> John Doe thinks evolution is "the doctrine that man is descended from monkeys," and he is so amused or so offended at this theory that his whole mind is occupied with it. His conception is ridiculously false. Until John Doe discards that notion and takes a fresh start, he will never understand the subject. Therefore, anyone who tries to explain evolution to him will fail if he pays the least attention to the "monkey doctrine."

Hence no reference to the evolution of man by Mr. Ward in his book. I do not think the explanation warrants the omission. But the author does. So that's that.

For the rest, the book is well organized and simply and clearly, even attractively, written. There are 350 pages of it, and it contains a large mass, for a book for John Doe, of data concerning the factors and evidences of evolution. But it is much better to offer the inquirer about evolution much rather than too little. The more, the convincinger, perhaps.

The author has collected his material from recent papers and books by professional biologists and evolutionists as well as from the classic sources. And he has, either from his own competency or by means of the assistance of competent colleagues, exercised a gratifyingly critical selection in compiling the data which he uses. The book is reliable. In such a mass of material some specific cases are bound to be questioned. But the author has not included many such.

The interesting recent events in Tennessee must certainly have led to some demand for good popular books about evolution. But good popular books about evolution are rare. A few of us have tried to produce them, each thinking his own book good. I have been among the few, and for business reasons, perhaps I should refrain from recommending Mr. Ward's book too unrestrainedly. However, I do recommend it warmly to anyone wanting an informing and readable book about evolution. But I wish the author had put man into his book. I did in mine!

One Disillusionment More

THE BOLSHEVIST MYTH (Diary: 1920-1922). By ALEXANDER BERKMAN. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $3.

THE SPECKLED DOMES. By GERARD SHELLEY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by PITIRIM SOROKIN

Author of "Leaves from a Russian Diary"

FOR many who are sick with the sickness of Revolution and Communism, Soviet Russia, it seems, is a wonderful sanatorium. If such a sick person is sincere and honest it is enough to send him to the Communist Kingdom for some months to cure him radically and forever from his illness. "The Bolshevist Myth" is a remarkable confirmation of this statement. Its author is a leading anarchist. After years of imprisonment in America, at the end of 1919 he was deported from the U. S. to Soviet Russia. We can easily understand his feelings at the moment of entering the country of Revolution.

> A feeling of solemnity, of awe overwhelmed me. Thus my pious old forefathers must have felt on first entering the Holy of Holies. A strong desire was upon me to kneel down and kiss the ground of Russia. I longed to lay my heart at its feet, to give my life a thousand times to the service of the Social Revolution. It was the most sublime day of my life. I came exultant with the Revolution, full of admiration for the Bolsheviki and flushed with the joy of useful work awaiting me in the mist of the heroic Russian people.

Such is "the prologue" of Berkman's story. What is its "epilogue"? Very similar to what has been told by many foreign revolutionists and by thousands of the Russians.

> Gray are the passing days. One by one the embers of hope have died out. Terror and despotism have crushed

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the life. The slogans of the Revolution are foresworn, its ideals stifled in the blood of the people. Dictatorship is trampling the masses under foot. The Revolution is dead. High time the truth about the Bolsheviki were told. The whited sepulcher must be unmasked, the clay feet of the fetish beguiling the international proletariat to fatal will o' the wisps exposed. The Bolshevik myth must be destroyed. I realized at last that Bolshevik idealism was a myth, a dangerous delusion to liberty and progress.

The book tells us how the author came from his enthusiastic prologue to this epilogue. It was not easy for him because "closely associated with the leading Communists, I shared their interests and hopes, helped in their work, and was inspired by their devotion to the Revolution". However, "Life continuously challenged my faith. I saw inequality and injustice on every hand, humanity trampled in the dust, alleged exigency made the cloak of treachery, deceit, and oppression. Every day the damning evidence was accumulating". In brief, Mr. Berkman saw too much and life was too stubborn to permit him to be further a Don Quixote of the Bolshevist Dulcinea. After eighteen months of "anguish and heartrending experience" his eyes were open and he understood, at last, that the Communist Dulcinea was not a *Lumen Coeli, Sancta Rosa* which he expected to find out but only a "dirty and bloody prostitute".

The book represents a diary written by the author from day to day during 1920-1921. Reading it one easily begins to understand the conversion of Berkman into the bitterest enemy of the Soviet régime and its rulers. There is no philosophy in the book. There is only the everyday experience of the author. But that depicts the situation, perhaps, better than any abstract analysis. He who wants to know the inner life of the Russian Revolution, the real pictures of its leaders, the manner of behavior of many foreign "labor" delegates and notables in Russia, at last, he who wants to read something "adventurous and thrilling": he will find a great deal in this remarkable book. From my part I may add that all facts depicted by the author are true and correct. The book is especially instructive for those "impartial" Don Quixotes of Bolshevist Dulcinea who, not knowing anything about her, except their illusions, are still fighting for "the dirty girl" of Moscow. The book will help them to understand that their attitude is utterly absurd.

* * *

"The Speckled Domes" by Shelley is a chronicle by an Englishman of his experiences in the pre-revolutionary and revolutionary Russia. Typically superficial, with many mistakes, it is quite an average story in all respects, except one. The author is a great admirer of...Rasputin. He slanders the Russian aristocracy, he curses the Russian intellegentzia and people. Only Rasputin and the Czarina are spared by him, and depicted as the saint and great giants.

In a land of bribe-takers and corrupt officials, Rasputin stood out like the giant figure of a saint moulded in rugged iron. He, of all men of Russia, was immaculate. He lived a poor and simple life. Such virtue was almost unknown in Russia.

This quotation shows the author's attitude towards Rasputin and Russia. There is no doubt that this viewpoint is original but there is no doubt also that it is absurd. After what we know about Rasputin neither the author nor anybody else can convince us that their "original opinion" is true. As many pro-bolshevist writers are now slandering the Russian people to justify the bestialities of their friends, Shelley is doing the same in another way: in order to justify his friend Rasputin he is ready to condemn the whole nation. If his "beatification" of Rasputin is hopeless the fallacy of his opinion about the Russian people is excellently shown by the author himself. When he was hunted and imprisoned, when he was starving and sick, many Russians whom he did not know, who themselves were in the same conditions, divided with him their last crumb of bread, their last clothes and, at their own risk, tried to help him as much as they could. These facts given in abundance in the book, do not, it would seem, warrant the author's angry utterances. Bestialities in any Revolution have always been performed by the minority. The majority of the people have always been the victims but not the authors of revolutionary cruelties. It is impossible therefore to make a whole nation responsible for the crimes of Rasputins and Lenins.

The BOWLING GREEN

Altitude Limited

THE American's first instinct is that a lively thunderstorm can't be far away. The spires of Wren point strangely pale among the dark jumble of the City, not unlike the white steeples of New England against a coming squall. That soft lilac light, diluted fuscous sunshine (it lies like honey in tranquil Bloomsbury squares) and shadows in a hundred blends and tints, surely they are some barometric omen. He almost pauses to listen, among the steady drum of traffic, for muted jars of thunder. But the air is light and fresh; fragrant, even in October, with almost April sweetness. In the bronzing squares it is a tender country whiff, though spiced always with that faint sharpness of London soot. London smoke, a gladness in the nostril, richest of all fumes to a cognoscenting nose. I recommend the great train-shed of Liverpool Street station at dusk as the perfect place to watch afternoon and evening plight their troth, with Smoke as the officiating spirit. Very sensibly did London choose scarlet as the color for anything official—uniforms, post-office vans, pillar-boxes. One of our dark green letter-boxes would be invisible across a London street. "Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold! Bring me my Chariot of Fire!" cried William Blake. (We heard the organ at Canterbury Cathedral playing Parry's music for those stanzas the other afternoon—not among the "dark Satanic mills" but in the very heart of "England's green and pleasant land." It was good to hear his great madman's voice exulting in the misty close.) The Chariot of Fire, along a twilight street, is a post-office van.

* * *

A man who has only a few days in London would be very silly to spend much of his time writing about it. Better, for the moment, just to let the mind touch glancingly upon a few visions that seemed, somehow, of an essence. Getting off the channel-steamer at Dover, there was the engine *Sir Bors de Ganis* waiting to take the boat-train to Victoria. Somehow a locomotive so named seemed adequate compensation for not having been able to see the chalk cliffs (the fog was too thick). And the train passed through Tonbridge, where I discerned two stations: one called Tonbridge Tub's Hill, the other Tonbridge Bat and Ball. It seemed a just entry into the land that invented sport.

Our first lunch was at Simpson's, off Cheapside, in the famous old Ordinary where the management tries to divert your mind from the amount of fish and eels you have eaten by offering a free meal if you guess the measurements of the cheese. England is surely the only country where fish is eaten three meals a day and again at supper after the theatre. Some enthusiasts even sally out at five o'clock to have a fried fish with their tea. A good deal of cockney wooing is done over platters of fish: the time, the plaice and the loved one all together. The statue of Britannia should wear a fillet of fish. Another gastronomy quite new to me was lower-case potatoes served in the soup. It was at a dinner where Sir James Barrie was at the board, and the host averred that Barrie had been brought up on potatoes in his soup. We all fell to heartily, hoping that the combination might have the same nimbling effect upon our own wits. Then, when the champagne was poured, a wag across the table begged for a potato in his glass. "I was brought up on it," he insisted. Perhaps (it just occurs to me) there is some meaning in the fact that the two greatest essayists England has had were named for food; and the third is half named for drink. All this took place in a room so lined with portraits by Hogarth that occasionally one lifted one's eyes from the table to remember that the painting of (was it?) the Woffington, "dallying and dangerous," was the one that Lamb had described.

* * *

The pearly haze that dreams over St. Paul's—the giant gooseberry as James Bone calls it, with the irreverence of a true lover, in his beautiful book "The London Perambulator" now just published, with Muirhead Bone's drawings—is at least partly the steam of Sausages and Mashed rising from a thousand little taverns approached through narrow passages. There poets sit among barrels meditating their staves. At a few specially favored places you can precede your sausage with a sublimation of Spain, which cork forests are grown to honor. The most teetotal of wives would hardly reproach her husband if he said he had lunched on Bristol Milk. It is the noblest of sherries. In the Fleet Street aroma there is also, when the breeze sets from Southwark, a rich gust of hops from the warehouses across the river. A blessing on the hop factors; it is their custom that has kept thriving unmarred one of the very last of the old coaching inns, the George in Southwark, only a few steps from the site of Harry Bailly's Tabard. There, in the words of an 18th century bill still framed in the hostess's bar-parlor, customers will find "Beds, wines, spirits and stabling to their perfect satisfaction." The galleries of the inn overlook the yard just as they did when theatrical managers got their first notion from that sort of thing. The site of the Globe playhouse is nearby, now built upon by the Barclay and Perkins brewery (a worthy successor; it was that brewery in whose affairs Doctor Tohnson was, momentarily, an adviser; his head is still on their bottle-caps). And the Beargarden still runs down toward Bankside. The Three Hours for Lunch Club has established friendly relations with the George of Southwark; and that noble place has already its American reciprocities. Hopkinson Smith did a charming drawing of the coffee-room and gave it to Miss Munay, the proprietress; it hangs there, watching the hop merchants playing dominoes after lunch; and on a table in the coffee room I found a much thumbed copy of O. Henry's "Strictly Business." This was surely a surprise. I pointed it out to H. M. T., who was with us. "O. Henry" just about saved some of our lives in the war," he said.

It is amusing to find a tiny Temperance Hotel bravely sandwiched in among the hop-warehouses. And the Club would be remiss if it didn't mention the Riverside Tea Rooms at 49 Bankside, which look cosily out over barges and cranes onto what must be almost the oldest and best view of London, with St. Paul's exactly opposite. It was pleasant to an American eye to find in low-lying Brixton, not far from Little Dorrit's church, the sign *Altitude, Ltd., Steeplejacks.* This was noted on the way to C. Morley and Co., wine merchants. Mr. Morley was unfortunately absent, but his affairs were increased by four bottles of moderate port, purchased on the understanding that his first name, as I saw it last year in the telephone book, is Christopher. His assistant believes it to be Charles, but I am still hoping.

* * *

Since we've crossed the river to the beginning of the Canterbury trail we may as well go further. Canterbury, of course, is a Pilgrimage; and a pilgrimage is a journey made to some meaning that one feels is greater than one's self. There is a grave in the corner of a quiet very fragrant ground in Canterbury, where yellow roses are still blooming in October. And there are two people to whom red carnations have a special meaning in London. One of these carnations, worn that day by chance, but crumpled after a long journey, was still in Titania's coat pocket. "Rest after toyle, port after stormy seas," we read on the stone; then, as we turned away, I saw her secretly take the flattened little sweetness from her pocket and put it among the many lovlier flowers on the grave.

* * *

James Bone, in that very remarkable book about London, the piety of twenty years' close watching and fine imagining, tells the story of a Cockney in Canada who enlisted for the War. In making out his paper he wrote simply *London* as his birthplace. "London?" said the recruiting officer. "Which London? London, Ontario?" "London, Ontario!" cried the outraged exile. "London, the whole bloody world!"

Yes, that's what it is. To the New Yorker its altitude seems limited; but like the potatoes in Barrie's soup, our hearts were brought up on it long before we were born.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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Books of Special Interest

On Symbols

LIFE SYMBOLS AS RELATED TO SEX SYMBOLISM. ELIZABETH E. GOLDSMITH. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1924.

Reviewed by THEODORE A. MILLER

IT IS a very difficult problem to pass fair judgment on such a book as this, because no hint is given as to whether it is written for the "general reader" or for the *savant*. If it was prepared for the general public, it may perhaps pass muster as a fairly readable and mildly entertaining work, marshalling a vast array of ill-assorted facts drawn in hit-or-miss fashion from folklore, anthropology, art, comparative religion, and mythology. It is, to quote its title page, "a brief study into the origin and significance of certain symbols which have been found in all civilizations, such as the cross, the circle, the serpent, the triangle, the tree of life, the swastika, and other solar emblems, showing the unity and simplicity of thought underlying their use as religious symbols." The general reader will doubtless look upon it as a most erudite volume, impressive because of its apparent learning; and there is no denying that he will derive interest from a perusal of it, as well as a great deal of information (and some mis-information!) about certain highly significant phases of ancient and modern thought.

But to the reader with some technical and scholarly knowledge of the various fields through which the author so lightheartedly gambols, the book is a constant irritation. It is, to begin with, exceedingly ill-documented and annotated. Nearly every page bristles with significant, sometimes dogmatic, statements printed within quotation marks, but no least hint is given as to the author of the quotation or the book from which it was taken. Or, if the actual work is cited, no page or chapter references are given. For example, to prove her contention (a pure assumption, by the way) that moon-worship preceded sun-worship, she says "'At the beginning naught save darkness and water. The spirit of night the Great Mother and her first born the moon child.'" Not the ghost of a hint as to where she found this precious quotation, so serviceable to her thesis! Or take as another instance this "'The *Ark of the Covenant* was a chest (not a boat) — [*sic!*]—made of shittim wood overlaid with gold, on the lid of which was placed the golden mercy seat over which two cherubim extended their wings.'"

Perhaps it will be fairest to let the author speak for herself and for her method. (And I can assure my readers that the following quotation suffers not at all by being wrenched from its context, because there seldom is any context, in the strict sense of the term!) In her chapter on the Sun she says:

> The *sacred double axe* as a religious symbol of the sun is, however, pre-eminently associated with the island of Crete.
>
> Evans finds the double axe set in the ground between pairs of bulls, the bulls having a double axe also between their horns, and adds that "the appearance of the divine double axe between two bulls and the connexion of the God of the Double Axe and the animal is shown again and again and takes us back to Crete and to the parallel associations of Zeus-Minos and the Minotaur."
>
> Curiously enough the woodsman when he marks a tract through the forest with his axe still speaks of it as "blazing a trail." A decade or so ago a popular novel of the Michigan forests by Stewart Edward White was called "The Blazed Trail."

The connection between the axe and the sun was never, I think, more convincingly demonstrated!

Two other characteristics of the author's style deserve mention: a certain conscious striving after clever, epigrammatic writing, and a curious quite unscientific sentimentality, coupled with some very strong likes and dislikes. And, too, a sugary sentimentality is always cropping out.

This same sentimentality leads her into several ill-tempered and even vicious diatribes against the Jews, too long to quote here, and into an almost maudlin hero-worship of Mussolini, who, she declares, "stands out, not so much as a man but as a world force, the recrudescence of the masculine principle at its best. . . . There is no doubt about it. The masculine principle is tremendously popular. Even the feminine principle bows in admiration before the masculine principle when it shows itself. Is it not the Sun, Heaven, Light, Good?"

These two phrases, "the masculine principle" and "the feminine principle," are the key to the author's thesis in this treatise on "Life Symbols as Related to Sex Symbolism." "If," she says "as I suspect, religion is life, then it comes back to the interplay of the two forces that create life—and here we have the problem of sex—the old problem of Man and Woman—the forces that create religions, civilizations, life."

In conclusion, I think it not unfair to say that none of the facts so impressively marshalled in this volume are new or startlingly unfamiliar to the special student, they have long been, for any curious reader, easily available in the various text books and encyclopædias covering the fields traversed by this author. She has merely culled them out and put them together in a choppy, jerky, library-notation style. And as for the validity or usefulness of the deductions which she draws from these data, the reader, if he cannot form an opinion on the basis of the above perfectly fair citations, is recommended to look into this extraordinary volume for himself.

A Plucky Trip

UNKNOWN TRIBES; UNCHARTED SEAS. By LADY RICHMOND BROWN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by BLAIR NILES

LADY RICHMOND BROWN is a beautiful person; the photographic frontispiece to her volume "Unknown Tribes; Uncharted Seas" puts the reader at once in possession of that fact. But if one has ever travelled among primitive peoples, one questions the relevance of British beauty among the "unknown tribes" of which Lady Richmond Brown writes. Naturally such tribes have their own æsthetic standards and equally naturally such standards are not ours. Complacency about one's appearance is forever destroyed by the first village that flees in terror before one's strange white spectre.

The illustrations of the book under consideration are not, however, all of Lady Brown. There are in addition interesting photographs of native types, of the houses in which they live, their textiles, their fetishes, and so forth.

So much for the illustrations. And now for the title. As I review the book on board the little Steamship, "Nickerie," en route for Haiti, I am necessarily separated from my library and therefore unable to quote chapter and verse on the subject of the Indian tribes of Panama. But in the matter of "uncharted seas" I have pressed into service the ship's resources. The Captain has produced a chart on which I have followed the islands and the villages at which Lady Richmond Brown touched in her fourteen-day motor-boat trip along the coast, eastward from Colon on the Isthmus of Panama. And this chart not only records the result of soundings made along the coast but it also indicates the "unknown rivers" which flow through the jungle and finally pour their waters into the sea.

It is a pity that a volume purporting to describe an uncharted region should not have been provided with a map.

There is no doubt that Lady Richmond Brown made a plucky trip. Fourteen days in a motor-boat under tropic suns, devastated at night by hordes of mosquitoes is not quite an arm chair trip. A day and a half by canoe and on foot, through steaming jungle into the country of hostile Indians does require pluck on the part of a titled beauty. But uncharted and unknown are big words; especially when a Dutch Captain has just spread out for my inspection his navigator's chart of the region.

All this has set me thinking; wondering what has happened to the race of man—and of woman—since the days of the Spanish Conquerors. The first twelve women who journeyed from the north coast of South America nearly a thousand miles inland to the lofty plateau of Bogotá, laid no claim to bravery or distinction. They seem never to have advertised the unchartedness of that Magdalena up which for months they so painfully travelled between walls of jungle populated by Indians who were adepts with the poisoned arrow. Passing through fever-riden jungle these women scaled the Andes, helped to found cities in the wilderness and there brought forth their children. Cunninghame Graham in his "Conquest of the River Plate" celebrates the part played by women in the conquest of what is now the rich and civilized Argentine. But those women of history took their exploits lightly, as became the women of conquerors, while we, in our motor-boats, dwell rather upon discomforts than upon the lands we have gone forth to see and to describe.

As in her preface Lady Richmond Brown has frankly disclaimed any pretensions as an author it is perhaps unnecessary to consider her book in any detail from the angle of literature. It is enough to say that she writes in a straightforward unimaginative style, with unfortunately no gift for the dramatic picturing of the interesting and unusual region which she visited. Her volume divides itself into three sections; the first dealing with the author's setting forth from England and her stay in Jamaica, the second treating of her trip along the coast and of her experiences with the Chucunaque tribe of Indians, while the third is concerned with deep sea fishing off the Island of Taboga and the Pearl Islands, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. Its chief charm lies in the author's entirely genuine enthusiasm and her refreshing unconventionality. Surely all women owe her a debt for the simple and natural way in which she goes exploring with the Mr. F. A. Mitchell Hedges, whom we have come to know as "Midge." For such women without prudery the whole sex should give thanks.

Older Literature

THE CAMBRIDGE BOOK OF PROSE AND VERSE—from the Beginnings to the Cycles of Romance. Edited by GEORGE SAMPSON. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan.) 1924. $4.25.

Reviewed by GORDON HALL GEROULD
Princeton University

AN INTERESTING and useful book of selections has been made by Mr. George Sampson to illustrate the first volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Carefully edited and beautifully printed, the volume should serve well the student or reader whose interest in our older literature is incidental rather than passionate. It is something new and different among anthologies in that it attaches itself to the "Cambridge History." Extracts which would have little meaning to the average person are thus provided with a context, while the text they illustrate can certainly be read to greater advantage by some one to whom the writings mentioned are more than mere names.

Of necessity, a very large proportion of the specimens of this old literature must be presented in translation rather than in the original language. Mr. Sampson has, however, printed one Old English poem and one bit of prose; and in the period of Middle English has dispensed with translations as soon as practicable. The selections he has made are thoroughly adequate for the purposes he has in mind; and the translations he uses, if not in every case the best that have been done, are probably as good as he could procure, copyright being copyright. An interesting feature of the volume is the inclusion of works in Latin and Anglo-Norman, which are of course necessary to an understanding of the history of English literature, although they are seldom—even yet—given due recognition in books of specimens and popular manuals.

Instead of writing introductory notes for the various selections, Mr. Sampson has used quotations from the "Cambridge History," which do quite as well and indeed link the anthology more closely to the work it is designed to illustrate. There is a brief general introduction, largely concerned with monitions about the way to read Middle English verse and how to approach our older literature. The advice is sensible, and will be found useful by the inexperienced reader, although Mr. Sampson manages to suggest that he is not quite at ease in regard to the matters which he discusses. Since he is careful, however, a certain naïveté may be forgiven him. All in all, his book is the most satisfactory thing of the sort that has been issued. It is by no means indispensable to the scholar, but it will be useful with college classes, and it ought to find its way into a great many private libraries.

A Japanese Novel

BEFORE THE DAWN. By TOYOHIKO KAGAWA. Translated from the Japanese by I. FUKUMOTO AND T. SATCHELL. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

THE worn assertion that human nature is much the same the whole world over is not fully borne out by the present book, said to be the first realistic novel to come to us out of Japan. Perhaps, even here, human nature is not much different; but so deeply is it buried beneath unfamiliar environment and conventions, that it does not seem the same. "Before the Dawn" shows us a modern world, but a world of the East, separately evolved through the centuries and counterpoised against the civilization of the West. To read this book is to see how superficially Japan has been Europeanized, as though with plumbing and telephones, while her outlook upon life remains untouched.

"Before the Dawn" is the story of a young man searching for the truth of life. Eiichi Niimi, whose naturally philosophical mind is aroused by reading Western philosophy, in striving to find the key to life is confronted by a multitude of sects and ideals, none of which, however satisfying it may be in part, quite suffices for him as a whole. Mixed with his religious speculations is a mind protesting against class inequalities and the suffering of the poor. In his own middle-class he finds only a repulsive sensuality and materialism. In teaching and business he is a failure. Though not altogether an ascetic by temperament, he finds love impossible because in Japan it is looked upon as mere animalism, without the power to elevate and without the power to endure.

It is the slums which claim him in the end, and the spirit, if not the letter, of Christianity. By going among the poor, huddled in tenements, full of crime and poverty and disease, and by working for them as Jesus worked, Eiichi finds an approach to permanent peace. He serves well, and though he is taken advantage of, he succeeds in becoming admired and loved, and even in converting a few people, to the extent they perceive its spirit in him, to Christianity.

Compared with a Western novel of equal magnitude, Mr. Kagawa's book is lacking in variety and intensity of experience. It has almost nothing of drama or character development. Eiichi is affected by what he experiences, but none of it takes him by surprise or appreciably remolds him. He is intelligent and modern; yet one might almost say that his reactions are conventional, and predetermined by centuries of Japanese life. He gropes after the significance of life, yet life itself presents no series of horizons that enlarge and deepen character. He is in revolt, but where a Westerner would first cast off illogical conventions and customs, he holds on to them, apparently without any thought of casting them aside, to the end. Even his emotional range is conventional: when hurt or moved, he bursts into tears.

Yet one does not doubt the truth of his portrait; one simply finds it a proof of the unbridgeable difference between the East and the West, and for Western minds, a portrait of inferior interest. Its method is unquestionably realistic; but for all its setting of wretchedness and corruption, "Before the Dawn" is not morbid. There is too much of the philosophy of acceptance about it to be morbid. The life of the slums emerges with amazing clarity, and Eiichi's experiences among the poor are by far the most interesting in the book. If it has little fire, little dramatic intensity, it is because the life of the Japanese has little of them. On that account, indeed, the book should be only the more regarded as a truthful exposition of experience we cannot quite correlate with our own, but which, at least, we can learn to understand with a valuable sense of enlightenment.

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Books of Special Interest

Spanish Prehistory

FOSSIL MAN IN SPAIN. By HUGO OBERMAIER. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1924. $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE GRANT MACCURDY, Yale University

THAT the translation of a book is a tribute to the author as well as to the wide appeal made by the subject treated is especially true of the work in hand. Obermaier is the author of "Der Mensch der Vorzeit" which was published in 1912. Four years later, there appeared that which in some respects amounted to a new edition but with special emphasis on Spain, and the title was changed to: "El Hombre Fósil". The present work is a new edition of "El Hombre Fósil" with the incorporation of additional material up to 1922, the time when the manuscript passed from the author's hands into those of the translator. The translation has been done by Christine D. Matthew with a rare and sympathetic understanding. Fortunately also for the author, there is an illuminating introduction by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, who likewise revised Chapter III of the text in order to make it more simple for readers unfamiliar with scientific nomenclature. A complete translation of the author's text of Chapter III, with no alteration or omission, is given in the Appendix.

To appreciate the meaning of fossil man, one must be able to visualize his climatic and faunal as well as cultural environment, and here the author's wide experience and skilful method of presentation make the reader's task easy. As indicated by the title the work is practically confined to that portion of the prehistoric in which fossil man lived—namely the Paleolithic Period; the final Chapter deals with the transition from the Paleolithic to the Neolithic Period. But in its geographic scope, the work is by no means confined to Spain, since the rest of Europe, and other parts of the world come in for treatment.

Prehistoric Archæology is a science which is growing by leaps and bounds. This is particularly true of that part of man's prehistoric past which is revealed by discoveries centering in the European fields. Among those with a first-hand knowledge of the field in question, the author ranks among the foremost; his work is absolutely essential to a thorough understanding of Spanish prehistory.

It is true that many important discoveries have been made since the text of "Fossil Man in Spain" was turned over for translation and publication—processes which require time, in the present instance two years. One will therefore search the volume in vain for accounts of a dozen important recent discoveries, and new points of view on others, such for example as Predmost now classed as Aurignacian instead of Solutrean.

More than fifty pages are rightly given to Paleolithic art and here the text is enriched by a number of illustrations in color. The author concludes that the realistic paintings of eastern and southeastern Spain came to an end not later than the Magdalenian, and should be regarded as the equivalent of the realistic art of Spain north of the Cantabrian Mountains and of southern France. Their makers were peoples under the influence of Caspian culture from northern Africa, which was already archæologically distinct from the Magdalenian and Solutrean of the north. On account of this southern influence it is not surprising that certain kinds of designs common in the north, such as testiforms and hand silhouettes, should be entirely lacking. This lack is more than counterbalanced by the important representations of the human figure and the surprising scenic compositions—both entirely lacking in the Franco-Cantabrian region.

The last chapter dealing with the transition from the Paleolithic to the Neolithic Period brings out clearly the differences between the late Paleolithic culture of northern Africa and that of central Europe. Whereas the Early Caspian is essentially the same as the Aurignacian of France, the Late Caspian of Algeria and Tunis presents neither the true Solutrean types nor any typical Magdalenian implements. Spain was the highway of contact between the north and the south and partakes of the cultures peculiar to each. In the Appendix is to be found a wealth of bibliographic references.

The Corsican

NAPOLEON: AN OUTLINE. By BRIG.-GEN. COLIN R. BALLARD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924.

Reviewed by MAJOR W. R. WHEELER

GENERAL BALLARD'S study of Napoleon is further evidence of the lasting appeal of the leader whose strategical conceptions as well repay investigation today as they did in the years prior to 1914. And in this connection it is worthy of note that the middle year of the World War saw the publishing of an edition of Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson" — the American leader whose military actions and results followed most closely those of the great Corsican. The principles of war are changeless and only their expression varies as we move onward with the years from Blaise de Montluc to Liggett and Bullard.

General Ballard elucidates the little known details of the armistice of Cherasco, just before Lodi, wherein the twenty-seven year old leader demonstrated all the qualities of a confidence man in duping the Sardinian plenipotentiaries. The Austrians were not only deprived of Sardinian aid but, through Bonaparte's cleverness, were also deceived by their Sardinian allies, now, and unwittingly, become the tools of the young French general.

It is to be noted that the author, on page 55, credits Bonaparte with the "Beyond the Alps lies Italy * * * " proclamation. Colonel Tournès of the French Ecole de Guerre asserts that this speech is an afterthought of St. Helena.

The chapter on the Marengo campaign brings out the necessities of military action as a function of statesmanship. Happy the statesman who is also his own, competent, soldier! A few years later France had reason to regret that her soldier was also her statesman. At the time, however, Napoleon balanced the two duties perfectly and his strategical defensive was consummated by the tactical offenses of Marengo and Hohenlinden.

The author finds that Napoleon succeeded as leader of men, and as tactician, but that, in the end, he failed as strategist. In the author's opinion 1810 was the critical year, the crest of the Epoch, after which the waves of the Empire beat themselves to pieces against the rocks of the Coalition. This year he saw the desertion of the following: Fouché of the Imperial Police; Talleyrand of the Diplomatic Service; Bernadotte of the Marshals; King Louis of the family. Having drawn within himself as he ascended, the Emperor had reached the point of being unapproachable by all, including even members of his own family. Forgetting the increased size of his armies, the Emperor failed to decentralize. The man who had been command, staff and services—all in one—for smaller armies was unable to split up his work into tasks to be parcelled out to and accomplished by others. The Russian Campaign was the disastrous result.

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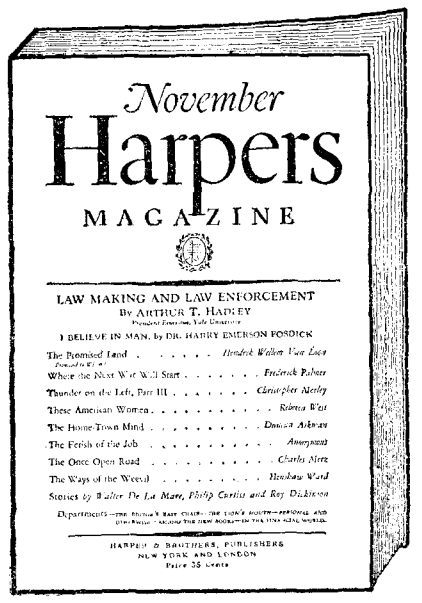
November
Harpers
MAGAZINE
LAW MAKING AND LAW ENFORCEMENT
By ARTHUR T. HADLEY
I BELIEVE IN MAN, by DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK
The Promised Land . . . . . Hendrik Willem Van Loon
Where the Next War Will Start . . . . . Frederick Palmer
Thunder on the Left, Part III . . . . . Christopher Morley
These American Women . . . . . Rebecca West
The Home-Town Mind . . . . . Duncan Aikman
The Fetish of the Job . . . . . Anonymous
The Once Open Road . . . . . Charles Merz
The Ways of the Weevil . . . . . Henshaw Ward
Stories by Walter De La Mare, Philip Curtiss and Roy Dickinson
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In The November Issue

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STORIES; *by Walter De La Mare, Roy Dickinson, Philip Curtiss*

DEPARTMENTS: *The Editor's Easy Chair—The Lion's Month—Personal and Otherwise—Among the New Books—In the Financial World.*

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Foreign Literature

Bunin's New Novel

MITINA LYUBOV (Mitya's Love). *A novel.* By I. A. BUNIN. Paris. Sovriemennya Zapiski. Paris. 1925.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

THE novel here under review proves once more that if there is in the contemporary Russian literary field a worthy heir to the Golden Age of the Russian fiction, this heir is Ivan Alexeyevich Bunin. The revolution has crippled many a promising writer of the older generation and is crippling an enormous percent of men of younger generations. The hysterical search for new forms which began in the first years of our century and which has assumed grossly exaggerated proportions since 1917 is responsible for the affection, artificiality, and grimaces characterizing the bulk of the contemporary Russian literary output. Russia's literary field resembles a madhouse in which people shout, scream, jump at one-another's throats, and walk on their heads. To see on such a background the stern figure of Bunin who has remained chivalrously faithful to his talent, who continues to work with his usual scrupulous severity, who combines a rare originality with a complete absence of artificial attempts at being original — is a great comfort and consolation. If there is among the contemporary Russian writers a writer whose works will survive his time it is Ivan Alexeyevich Bunin.

His new novel deals with the oldest possible subject: it is the history of the first love of a nineteen-year-old boy, Mitya, drawn against the background of prerevolutionary Russia. A theme like this is perhaps the most difficult test for a writer. For here one cannot get away with amusing intricacies of plot, with picturesque backgrounds, etc. To be new and original in the treatment of such a subject means to possess extraordinary resources of talent and personality. Bunin has proved with majestic ease that he does possess them.

* *

It is not easy to define in what lies the charm of the novel, for, as is usual with Bunin's work, it lies not so much in that which is said as in that which remains unsaid. This realm of the unsaid which Bunin but slightly touches with his sober realistic brush is rich indeed. It contains more philosophy than a great many philosophic works. The sensations of Mitya's love for the young and innocent, but mentally demoralized, Katya, the pupil of a dramatic school in Moscow, are painted with classical mastery. In Mitya's naïve feelings Bunin shows elements of eternal significance accessible only to a great artist. Here is, for instance, his young hero, driving from the railroad station to the estate of his parents after the parting from Katya:

. . . . A warm, fragrant rain began to fall. Mitya thought about girls and young peasant women sleeping in these log-cabins, about the femininity in general which became accessible to his feelings in the course of the last winter, thanks to Katya, and all these things,—Katya, the girls, the night, the spring, the odor of the rain, the odor of the soil awaiting fertilization, the smell of the horse and the memory of Katya's fragrant glove,—all this fused miraculously in his mind. Mitya fell back on the cushions of the cab and his eyes filled with tears, his hands trembling, lit a cigarette.

With this attraction to the femininity a keen feeling of jealousy mixed in Mitya's soul. Here again Bunin proves to be a real master.

The manifestations of passion (he says) which were to Mitya the loftiest thing in the world when he himself and Katya were concerned, became in his eyes inexpressibly filthy and even unnatural when he conceived the girl in the arms of another man.

Mitya felt that Katya, attracted by the hobo atmosphere of the theatrical school was going to forget him. And this jealousy together with the dominating motive of the nascent sensual thirst resulted in the tragical dénouement of his romance. Exasperated by the absence of letters from Katya he purchased the love of a peasant girl for five roubles and then received a letter from which he learned that Kayta had abandoned him with another man. Realizing the impossibility of saving their love from this double betrayal he "caught up the heavy and cold mass of the revolver and, taking a deep breath of relief, opened his mouth and pulled the trigger with strength and delight."

This is, of course, but a skeleton of the novel the value of which lies in the treatment of every psychological detail, of every feeling. Some of its chapters are real masterpieces. Such is for instance Mitya's erotic dream drawn by Bunin with a strength unusual even for him and with a rare sobriety and chastity of words. The combination of the throbbing philosophic emotionalism with the impassioned and even cold tone of the narrative and with the pitiless realism of the ending, lend to the book a deeply original style and atmosphere.

The Late Germany

DER KOPF. By HEINRICH MANN. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay Verlag. 1925.

Reviewed by A. V. W. RANDALL

THIS is the third part of Heinrich Mann's prose-epic of Germany under the rule of the Emperor Wilhelm II. It will be remembered that the first part appeared soon after the end of the war and was entitled "Der Untertan". This depicted the German middle-class from about 1895 onwards, pouring scorn on their narrow nationalism, their insularity, their servility towards the house of Hohenzollern. Although finished by July, 1914, it was apparently not considered safe to issue it until after the Revolution, when it enjoyed a factitious popularity. It still deserves attention as a picture of an epoch, a national attitude of mind which will probably not return. Its successor was "Die Armen", in which the novelist turned his attention with obvious relief and passionate sympathy, to the proletariat under the Kaiser's *régime.* And now comes the novel of the ruling classes, "Der Roman der Führer", of approximately the same period.

The story opens with a prelude of half-a-dozen pages, in which, "ninety years previously", that is, during the war with Napoleon, two Germans who had been captured by French soldiers are shown debating the price of corn they are willing to sell to the enemy's troops. After the striking of this keynote, even if we are not already informed about Heinrich Mann's political sympathies, we know what to expect. We shall be given an exposure of the dishonesty, cynicism, incompetence, and disastrous lack of the powers of leadership on the part of Germany's so-called "leaders" during the fatal years of indecision, when the whole world watched the interplay between Berlin and Paris and waited to see whether the game would end in checkmate, stalemate, or a sweeping of the chess-board to begin the struggle in earnest. It is, no less than the struggle against Napoleon, a theme for another "Dynasts", and the intense earnestness of Mann's writing, the large scale he has chosen and the attempted exaltation of real personalities into characters in a drama lead one to the conclusion that, consciously or unconsciously, he has tried to emulate Thomas Hardy's masterpiece in prose.

Frankly, he has not succeeded. Occasional scenes rise almost to the height of a drama of fate, but the work as a whole is a *Schlüsselroman*, a series of thinly disguised chapters from real life, to be appreciated by the student of history, but not wholeheartedly by the lover of fiction for its own sake. Here any reader familiar with German history from about 1899 onwards will meet and recognize Prince von Bülow, the central figure of the book, the Secretary of State Kiderlen-Wächter, who played such a prominent part in the Franco-German negotiations over Morocco, Admiral Tirpitz, a typical German iron and steel magnate who may be Krupp or Thyssen, or anyone of that class, and the Kaiser himself. It is a familiar story and, even in the history-books, a pitiful one. Mann has not made it either less or more pitiful, though at times he has made it more vivid than the memoirs. Perhaps he is too much opposed to his chief characters to be able to conceive of them as puppets in the hands of destiny, but if at times he could have introduced the note of fate, have made allowance for the force of circumstances against which even such good intentions as there were contended in vain, this novel might have been a remarkable work of art. As it is, it remains a rather temperamental footnote to history.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE HERITAGE OF GREECE AND THE LEGACY OF ROME. By E. B. OSBORN. Doran. 1925. $1.25.

The title of this little book aptly describes its contents. Mr. Osborn tells us in his enthusiastic manner of the treasures of Attic philosophy and art, and of the delights to be found in the perusal of the great masters of Greek poetry and prose.

Turning to Rome, he dwells on the genius of the Romans in law-making, in empire-building, and in statecraft. In his comparison of the Greek and Roman character, it would seem that the Greeks have a little the better of the argument, though he points out that each race has made a distinct, vital contribution to the well-being of the modern world.

A study of this little book should prove a stimulus to further reading in the same field. To provide for this Mr. Osborn has appended a short list of books on related topics. This book was published in England as "Our Debt to Greece and Rome."

CAMBRIDGE AND CHARLES LAMB. Edited by *G. E. Wherry*. Macmillan. $2.
THE PANCHATANTRA. *Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder*. University of Chicago Press. $4 net.
DISCURSIONS ON TRAVEL, ART, AND LIFE. By *Osbert Sitwell*. Doran. $6 net.
LITERARY LANES AND OTHER BYWAYS. By *Robert Cortes Holliday*. Doran. $2 net.
LIFE'S WESTWARD WINDOWS. By *George Preston Mains*. Abingdon Press. $1.50.
THE MODERN ENGLISH NOVEL. By *Abel Chevalley*. Knopf. $2.50 net.
FIRST IMPRESSIONS. By *Llewellyn Jones*. Knopf. $2.50.
EMPTY CHAIRS. By *Sir Squire Bancroft*. Stokes. $3.50.
PORTRAITS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By *C. A. Sainte-Beuve*. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley and George Burnham Ives. Putnam. $6.
PORTRAITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By *C. A. Sainte-Beuve*. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. Putnam. $6.
THE WRITERS OF GREECE. By *Gilbert Norwood*. Oxford University Press. $2.50 net.
HELLENIC CIVILIZATION. By *Maurice Croiset*. Knopf. $2.50 net.
OTHER PROVINCES. By *Carl Van Doren*. Knopf. $1.75 net.

Biography

A KING IN THE MAKING. By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST. Putnams. 1925. $2.50.

The material for a biography of the Prince of Wales is such that a book, to be of any value, can only attempt to solve the riddle of the concrete influence which this popular young man exerts upon the people and the affairs of a mighty empire. Aside from this, the life of the Prince has been too short and too devoid of significance to serve as the subject for a significant volume. "A King in the Making" should have had more purpose to it than a popular recitation of the young Prince's life, and it is because she has attempted no psychological or critical interpretation that the author deserves censure.

Some of the anecdotes she recounts about the Prince's childhood are excellent and interesting and some of his childish utterances are uniquely amusing. His youth is portrayed not so well, but the scenes of his installation as Prince of Wales at Carnarvon are only spoiled by a forced sentimentality. The chapter on his "young manhood" is the worst in the book. The enthusiasm of the author evidently carries her away from the facts and it is otherwise evident that her knowledge is not up to her task. For example any Oxonian, especially one from the "House" would tear his hair out in anguish at the mention of "Christ Church College," which is correctly Christ Church. More important is the naïve description of Magdalen as still being a college of "poor and needy scholars" and a college "without snobbery and without clique." It would indeed be hard to find in Oxford a college which caters more to the vanities of creation than Magdalen, unless it be "the House."

The last chapter, "H. R. H. as He is Today," is sentimental and enthusiastic *ad nauseam* and little more than a journalistic hash. An obviously sincere attempt is made to show the affection in which the Prince is held in the Empire and a superficial and by no means analytical description of the Prince's various visits is sympathetically presented. Most of the anecdotes, except those collected first hand, are by this time *clichés*. Those who know the Prince, and many who do not, are aware that the "prince business" is greatly to his distaste.

Economics

THE REGULARIZATION OF EMPLOYMENT. By H. FELDMAN. Harpers. 1925. $3.50.

Boom times and bad times, with their attendant social evils of drifting casual laborers and families temporarily without income and the costly business necessity of recruiting and training new staffs for a period of active work following depression, have been recognized as a central problem of modern industry. In this volume Professor Feldman presents the results of a comprehensive study of insecurity of employment, which he shows is increasing, of its effects upon wage-earners and their families and on business and prices, and of ways of regularizing employment which are being developed as the American attack on the problem. He devotes several chapters packed with facts to "Individual and Industrial Remedies,"—the analysis of business trends and forecasting of industrial cycles, diversification of output, simplification of styles, planning of sales and production, labor policies, and the training and transfer of workers within plants. He then passes to "Social and Governmental Remedies" such as coördination of labor employment agencies, compensation, and insurance (which are remedies only in the sense of being money incentives to regularize production itself), and the planning of public works and promotion of research and of vocational training and guidance. The whole argument of the book is constructive, taking the ground that "industrial good health is contagious" so that "every little improvement in regularity of operation made in one concern or locality sends out ripples that held to steady the rest of industry." Students of management and of industrial problems generally will find it a sane and useful survey of conditions and experiments in their field today.

Fiction

TALES OF INTRIGUE AND REVENGE. By STEPHEN MCKENNA. Little Brown. 1925. $2.50.

This is the first collection of Stephen McKenna's short stories and is, one must judge, the product of seven years of occasional pot-boiling. The sixteen stories are as undistinguished as they are facile. The greater number, written in that form which is the short story writer's refuge in times of haste,—the colloquial tale recited in the first person,—have as their background the Eccentric Club. Unfortunately this club of Mr. McKenna's imagination produces stories that differ from the usual club average of anecdote only in being more self-consciously constructed. The two war stories of the volume are sincere, but Mr. McKenna is most successful with his satire, notably in his exposition of the hollowness of fame in London society in "A Mister Blenkinsop, a Diarist." The book is on the whole readable and unimportant, "smart" in the sense that the Londoners it records are smart.

THE OUTCAST. By LUIGI PIRANDELLO. Translated by Leo Ongley. Dutton. 1925. $2.50.

Pirandello is already becoming one of the heroes of the present literary decade. Will future opinion gainsay the reputation promised for the author by his well-wishing admirers? Is he, as one critic lately suggested, no more than the Impresario of Philosophic Ideas, one who will cease to command attention when another generation arises lacking our own pseudo-philosophic leanings? On the solitary score of the present novel the unhesitating answer would be—yes. It is the badly translated story of an innocent wife whose husband, without enough evidence to convict a dog, believes her to be guilty of adultery. He expels her from his house and she returns ignominiously to her parents' home.

Her father believes her guilty too, so much so that her father shuts himself up in a dark room and when her child is born dies of the shock caused by her shame. Possibly fathers do this kind of thing in Sicily. The family is reduced to poverty, but she supports them by teaching in a school. Finally her husband relents just after her supposed lover has succeeded in seducing her. She deter-

(*Continued on next page*)

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Judge at Sea Delays Prize Awards

In the Fall Book Number of *The Saturday Review* it was announced that the prize winning essay submitted in the Conrad contest would be published in the October 31st issue together with the names of the prize winners.

Unfortunately one of the judges —Captain David W. Bone—has been delayed at sea and has not yet reached port. It has therefore been necessary to postpone the announcement of the prize winners and publication of the essay until the issue of November 14th.

The Saturday Review of Literature
TIME, INC. Publishers
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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

mines to commit suicide after an agonising interlude and the book ends with a scene that may or may not mean a reconciliation between her husband and herself. This scene takes place at his mother's deathbed, that mother likewise being a rejected, unfaithful wife. The emotions and passions of the characters are intensified to such an extent that they cease to present any semblance of reality. "Hysterics in Sicily" would have been a fair title.

The one character of the book who really awakens keen interest is the bailiff who comes to make an inventory of the furniture when the home is broken up. The page lights up when he writes down "Grand Pianos, 1." The rest is on much the same level as the pastiche of the two old sisters "both decrepit and in their dotage, which took the form of not being able to remember ever having had a husband." Theirs was a queer dotage.

. . . . each one of them, she firmly believed, was waiting for the other to die so that she would then be free to give her hand to an imaginary suitor. "Why don't you die?" they would ask one another simultaneously, every time one of them found themselves facing the other one. . . . . And every now and then during the day and often during the night one of them would ask the other in a kind of mournful wail "What time is it?". And always the other would answer in a drawling muffled voice, "Seven o'clock!" . . His mother would cry out quite vexed "I haven't any children! I'm only twenty-eight. I'm not married."

This may be amusing, but it is certainly not plausible. If John Smith of Romford, Maine, had written "The Outcast" nobody would take any notice of it. But Pirandello! We shall see.

VOLONOR. By Glen Winship. Seltzer. 1925. $2.

In "Volonor" Mr. Winship brings to us his conception of Utopia. Unfortunately that conception is vaporous, unreal, and intellectually flaccid. Some readers may find enjoyment in the melodrama scattered through the story, others in the gaudy trappings of the love scenes. But anyone who perceives the sterile superficiality of the novel will merely be bored. Rough and often obscure, the style never aids the narrative to establish itself as credible. The plot is slightly absurd: John Wentworth, millionaire, determines to found an ideal state; enemies at home oppose him; the Pacific island chosen as the site of his colony already harbors a band of antagonistic ruffians. Obviously "Volonor" was written for those who read carelessly and unintelligently.

Much of the book is meretricious. It is filled with balderdash in the guise of science, especially in the passages describing the building of the cities and the construction of their electrically operated defenses. The sociological bases of the Utopia are set forth at great length; for the most part they are concerned with the economic emancipation of women. Unfailingly these elaborate schemes are dull. It is discouraging to realize that the reader is asked to treat such flagrant absurdities seriously.

ECLIPSE. By S. B. Mais. Brentano's. 1925. $2.

Many English writers appear to have adopted either the extreme of metallic terseness of that of old-fashioned amiability, sometimes long-winded. Mr. S. B. P. Mais inclines to the latter, and the wit of his novel "Eclipse" finds a mark in ultra-modern practices. Its central figure is a cartoonist, Martin Wyvern. He wants to be a painter, but unfortunately is married to a great actress, Lady Ursula, and cannot escape from the rôle of insignificant husband to a famous wife; he feels doomed; he will be no more than the despised creator of Marmaduke the Monkey, a little cartoon hero. Then he falls in love with a mannequin, the freshness of whose personality inspires him. Martin and the girl are both unwilling to live together unmarried, and Martin appeals to Lady Ursula for a divorce. Though the lovers quarrel often, their affection grows, and with it Martin's power as an artist.

The love story is unpretentious and appealing, and its background is enriched with a score of satirical portraits, caricaturing the members of Lady Ursula's circle, whose god is publicity and whose affectation is art. Lady Ursula, with her impassioned dignity and grace, is alone among this group of shallow, famous frauds. Sympathy for passive, unhappy Martin comes over one, a tiny ball at first which must roll through many pages before gathering much to itself, and never attains the proportions of an avalanche, yet is large enough; and not the least surprising feature is that, when it strikes against the story's happy ending, it does not burst.

WALLS OF FIRE. By Marc Worth. Cosmopolitan. 1925. $2.

This first novel reveals more promise than fulfilment. The author, tackling the problem of Jewish and Gentile relationships, has treated it fairly and convincingly, and has created in Daniel Lawrence a lifelike Jew, truthfully molded by heredity, environment, and personal character. He has succeeded also with some of his minor characters and with his pictures of ghetto life. But his book is too sketchy and ununified, and too easily divisible into factual elements on the one hand, and creative and artistic elements on the other, to present a finished whole. What impresses one most is everywhere a striving after true values which will make Mr. Worth's achievement when it comes, a matter of importance.

SEDUCERS IN ECUADOR. By V. Sackville-West. Doran. 1925. $1.50.

Disappointment is the strongest emotion after reading "Seducers in Ecuador." The first few pages lead one in high excitement to the hope of perfection, the perfection of an ironical fantastical trifle the hope perhaps of, on a different plane, another "Prancin' Nigger," but at the end the sum total is a delightfully written and completely hollow book. Irony—even sheer fooling—must have a solid core. "Seducers in Ecuador" (and, incidentally, there is not even one seducer and no Ecuador except on the postmark of a letter) tells the story of Lomax who once having put on blue glasses could never again abandon them, who could not "face a return to the daylight mood; realism was no longer for him." The book proposes to demonstrate the danger of "contracting in middle-age a new habit liable to release those lions of folly which prowl in our depths." And though Lomax marries the lady who was seduced only in imagination, though he murders a man at his victim's request and is hanged for the same crime, the lions of folly back of it all remain mere words. The book will give any reader an amusing half hour but Miss Sackville-West, admirable as is the detail of her writing, is here committing the heinous sin of being clever for cleverness' sake.

SEA LAVENDER. By Sydney Floyd Gowing. Holt. 1925. $2.

The season for vacation books must be stretched a bit to include "Sea Lavender," but if this book can no longer be read as it should be in the shade of the main-sail on the hot deck during two hours of a dead calm, or by cold candlelight inside the tent after a day of canoeing and a long portage, it may at least serve to while away the first shut-in morning of a winter sore throat. Mr. Gowing has written a romantic novel, if it may be dignified by such a title, amusing and readable enough to hold to its last page a not too intellectualized attention. It is a story of the improbable adventures of a charming spinster in her unexpected career as protector of an escaped convict and manager of a troupe of strolling Pierrots, and the tale is so well written and so satisfactorily spiced as to make the reader resent its slight lapses into sentimentality, and to regret the absence of that something of wit or sophistication that can make even the lightest of literary trifles important.

SOAMES GREEN. By Margaret Rivers Larminie. Houghton, Mifflin. 1925. $2.

The first half of "Soames Green" is a quiet story of family life in an English village. The second half, in two or three scenes at least, has drama and character revelation and an undercurrent of life. There is no violent change; matters merely grow psychologically more intense. The book deals with the Celian household, with Mr. Celian himself, and the love affairs of his daughter Phoebe, his son Roger, and his orphaned niece Lena. Eventually Phoebe and Roger find their happiness, but Lena—the reserved, subtle, outwardly indifferent Lena

(*Continued on next page*)

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whom Mr. Celian so kind a soul in general heartily dislikes—comes up against less soluble difficulties. Her last scene with her uncle, in which she shatters his peace by revealing how he has misunderstood her and how, by not requiting the love she was so eager to give him, he has caused the malevolence and callousness in her, is excellent. It is a sudden psychological climax which has the whole weight of the book behind it.

Miss Larminie often writes with distinction. You will find her style good, her humor good, her knowledge of character excellent. The jacket compares her with Jane Austen, but the comparison is not entirely apt. Her method has rather the detail of Henry James. And though she tells it admirably, it is Miss Larminie, who tells "Soames Green." "Pride and Prejudice" tells itself.

OCTAGON HOUSE. By GERTRUDE KNEVELS. Appleton. 1925. $2.

A murder, a robbery, a mad-house, and the Rajah's pearl necklace of fabulous worth are the materials combined to produce a genuine thriller, replete with mystery, horror, death, and deceit.

Nicholas Dallison, an American millionaire, presents his motherless daughter, who has just returned after several years spent in France, with the priceless necklace. That night a member of the household is found murdered in front of the secret drawer in which the pearls are kept. Dallison's charming young secretary, Jerry Day is suspected by the police. It takes the acumen of the cheerful young reporter, Michael O'Boyle, to unravel the tangle of events and clear his sweetheart, Jerry. By the way, Michael is a most entertaining character.

It is puzzling to know just what was in the author's mind as she was writing. She gives the key to the plot to her readers, it would seem, in the first ten pages. Did she intend that her readers should be kept guessing through the entire story, or did she purposely let them into the secret, trusting that their interest would be held by seeing how soon the characters in the story would "get wise" to the situation? At any rate, the reader is assured an evening of exciting diversion.

MR. TASKER'S GODS. By T. F. POWYS. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

The author of "Mr. Tasker's Gods" is preoccupied with sin and ugliness and unhappiness, to the exclusion of all other things; so that the two or three people in his book who are almost good are watery and unsubstantial. There are only two happy moments in the book; one occurs when the Hero, a half-witted ne'er-do-anything with a sickly beard, is kicked to death by Mr. Tasker's drunken tramp of a father; the other, when this dear old reprobate is torn to pieces and eaten by Mr. Tasker's hogs. These hogs are the "gods" of the title, and their personality has been seized upon by the author to express mankind (this is his thesis) as a race of swine, rooting and snuffling, trampling one another, lusting, grunting, and dirtying the sty called earth. . . .

If "Polyanna," that apotheosis of sweetness, and virtue, and gladness, was written with a pen dipped in syrup, "Mr. Tasker's Gods" was typed with a ribbon smeared with dung. The one is Victorian, the other George-fifthian; both express a state of mind.

WE MUST MARCH. By *Honore Willsie Morrow*. Stokes. $2.
THE ROMANTIC PASSION OF DON LUIS. By *Henri Malo*. Dial. $2.
THE SELMANS. By *V. R. Emanuel*. Dial. $2.
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IN OUR TIME. By *Ernest Hemingway*. Boni & Liveright. $2.
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DANCERS IN THE WIND. By *Allan Updegraff*. Boni & Liveright. $2.
SNOW RUBIES. By *"Ganpat."* Houghton Mifflin. $2.
THE CHARWOMAN'S DAUGHTER (MARY, MARY). By *James Stephens*. Macmillan. $2.
DANAE. By *Marianne Gauss*. Harpers. $2.
THE SWINGING CARAVAN. By *Achmed Abdullah*. Brentanos. $2.
QUEER JUDSON. By *Joseph C. Lincoln*. Appleton. $2.
YELLOW FINGERS. By *Gene Wright*. Lippincott. $2.
COLLECTED STORIES AND TALES. By *Fitz-James O'Brien*. Albert & Charles Boni. $2.
AT THE SIGN OF THE SUN. By Virginia Mac-*Fayden*. Albert & Charles Boni. $2.
THE HARPER PRIZE SHORT STORIES. Harpers. $2.
SAID THE FISHERMAN. By *Marmaduke Pickthall*. Knopf.
MY TOWER IN DESMOND. By *S. R. Lysaght*. Macmillan. $2.50.
ALABASTER LAMPS. By *Margaret Turnbull*. Reilly & Lee. $2 net.

Juvenile

TONTY OF THE IRON HAND. By EVERETTE MCNEIL. Dutton. 1925.

There is no better field for fiction for the growing boy and girl than that offered by history, and especially by the events of pioneer exploration. Essentially courage and endurance are involved and stirring adventure, and every young reader is bound to be interested and healthily stimulated. "Tonty of the Iron Hand" is a successful example. It is the tale of a boy's adventures on La Salle's journey of discovery of the Mississippi. Preceding this is an account of this young boy's kidnapping in France, of his journey across the ocean and escape from the unwelcome confinement of a Catholic seminary, and of his capture and adoption by an Indian family into a life punctuated by episodes of hunting and fighting in the wilderness. This is a pretty large order for a boy from ten to seventeen, but it is told credibly and simply and achieves its effects. The part of the story dealing with La Salle and his journey is much smaller in bulk than the above series of adventures, and this is somewhat of a disappointment. But perhaps that is merely an adult point of view. Certainly the book can be recommended as offering, by historical description and background, a great deal more than the ordinary adventure-tale of fiction. The title is rather a misnomer. Tonty, LaSalle's lieutenant, is a prominent character, but the boy is the hero of the book, the conclusion of which centres about his return to the French mother from whom he had years before been kidnapped.

HOLD 'EM, WYNDHAM. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. Appleton. 1925. $1.75.

Mr. Barbour, whose reputation is now national as a writer for boys, has added another volume to his Wyndham Series, of which the previous stories were "The Fighting Scrub," and "Bases Full." The Wyndham series is only one of eight separate series the prolific Mr. Barbour has produced, the longest of which ran to eight separate books and the shortest to three. Yardley Hall, Hilton, Erskine, Grafton, and North Bank were the imaginary schools and colleges, beside Wyndham (the latest) which served as background for these athletic stories, and the Purple Pennant Series and the "Big Four" Series featured other groups of boys. Of books not in series, Mr. Barbour has, furthermore, put forth sixteen volumes for boys! He first "arrived" himself with "The Arrival of Jimpson," a Harvard football story, and, in our own day and generation we became absorbed in his stories of Hilton and Erskine.

Football furnishes the theme for "Hold 'Em, Wyndham." And Mr. Barbour writes with just as much gusto and enthusiasm for the athletic side of school life as he ever did and with just as much appeal as ever to the healthy natural boy. We have no fault to find with Mr. Barbour's writing for boys. He always spins an exciting, healthy, invigorating yarn, and writes as though he enjoyed it. He knows the world of boys and is thoroughly conversant with all branches of athletics. His dialogue is natural and the conversation of his boys convinces, as does his school atmosphere. Mr. Barbour manufactures a good staple product, always entirely up to specifications. In his own strictly circumscribed field he is thoroughly competent.

THE PLUCKY ALLENS. By CLARA D. PIERSON. Dutton. 1925. $2.

"The Plucky Allens" were four American orphans of today and the story tells of how they worked and played; saved and struggled, and grew up under the watchful and kindly eye of Aunt Hannah, who believed in the old-fashioned method of bringing up children. A simple, sturdy everyday book of the "Five Little Peppers" school.

ABOUT ELLIE AT SANDACRE. By ELEANOR VERDERY. Dutton. 1925. $2.

There is much gaiety and charm about this simple story of an American family's happy summer at the seashore. Six and seven year old girls will delight in the doings of Ellie and Fran and Freddie, and of their nurse, their dog and their canary, through long days of frolic beside the sea and the harbor where little anchored ships had a way of "talking to themselves," and where a beach merry-go-round and a sad-eyed dancing bear were only two

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page 245*)

of the many diversions along the way. The pencil illustrations by Vernon Simonds are decidedly less successful than the text. Children will be the first to resent the conscious crudity and over-ingenuousness of these pictures.

Miscellaneous

THE OLD MOUNT CARMEL PARISH. By GEORGE SHERWOOD DICKERMAN. Yale University Press. 1925. $3.50.

This is an admirable example of the new type of town history, written with honest research and a full consciousness of the social significance for American history of facts which the old-time town historian would have missed or slighted. Mount Carmel, a town and parish just north of New Haven, and once its hinterland, is of unusual interest, not only because of the forcible men who had a share in its making but especially because it was the first frontier of the earliest settlements, and has preserved in its hilly contours much of its earlier, though not its earliest, conditions. The provision by which the New Haven government saw to it that land was taken up only with the welfare of the community as a whole in view is of the greatest interest as indicating a conscious town planning far more intelligent than anything now to be found in New England. Settlers were allowed to purchase land in accord with their ability to develop; speculation was not only discouraged, it was made almost impossible. Still another valuable portion of the book is the careful study of routes of emigration from Mount Carmel, which becomes in effect a contribution to the history of the diffusion of American culture. This book is too special to be of interest to the general reader unless he comes from Connecticut; but in spite of its local erudition it will be highly interesting to the historically minded. It contains of course, much genealogical material, and a good deal of quaint colonial fact.

POPULATION. By A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS. Oxford University Press. 1925. $1.

The fact that in the last one-hundred and twenty years the population of England and Wales has more than quadrupled, has given many Englishmen feelings of grave concern. They have feared that the time will come when the population will become so dense that poverty will be well-nigh universal, and unemployment and actual starvation general. Mr. Carr-Saunders is disposed to take a more cheerful view of the matter. He shows beyond question that the huge increase in population in the last century was due not to a rise in the birth-rate, but to a decline in the death-rate. The decreased number of deaths was in turn due to improved sanitary conditions and advances in the study of medicine.

It has been stated that the present grave unemployment situation in Great Britain is due largely to over-population. The author claims that this is untrue, and that Britain's unfavorable economic situation was caused by the dislocation of the export trade during the war, and to a severe trade depression. He would have us believe that in a few decades England will have a population stationary at a density not greatly in excess of the present figure. At the same time there is every reason to believe that scientific progress will make labor increasingly productive, and the standard of living generally higher.

Mr. Carr-Saunders has treated a rather difficult subject in a highly comprehensible manner, and has succeeded in giving the general reader a clear statement of a problem whose principles are little understood.

Philosophy

THE CRISIS IN PSYCHOLOGY. By HANS DRIESCH. Princeton University Press. 1925.

American readers will not easily make points of contact with Professor Driesch's views of critical problems in psychology; his approach and attack are too formal, abstract, and barren. The voice is the voice of modern psychology, but the hands — the technique — disclose an academic philosophising. For him psychological data furnished but an additional opportunity to set in philosophic order a section of the world of thought;—a discipline which he calls *Ordnung lehre*. The problems of the mental structure, of the relations of body and mind, of the subconscious realm, when thus presented, seem out of focus or devitalized, while the inclusion in the group of "parapsychology" with an endorsement of telepathy and ectoplasm as realities strengthens the reader's growing doubt of the critical acumen of his guide. How the topics of these addresses, delivered in the far east and carrying a dedication to Chinese friends constitute a crisis, is not clear; the discussions seem peculiarly academic, remote, and inconsequential.

PHILOSOPHICAL WRITINGS OF HENRY MORE. Edited by FLORA ISABEL MACKINNON. Oxford University Press. 1925. $3.50.

During the sound and fury of seventeenth century revolutions in England, "the passive melancholized spirit" of Henry More sat itself down at Cambridge to meditation and philosophy. The results, Neo-Platonic proofs of the existence of God and immortality, were among the books that drove the youthful Shelley to write his "Necessity of Atheism". Proof and disproof are equally out of date, but even today the present admirable edition of long inaccessible writings carries an interest beyond its evident value to the student of the histories of philosophy and mysticism—the interest and rare charm of a life devoted, in an age of fanaticism, to the things of the spirit.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY. By JAMES H. RYAN. New York. Macmillan. 1925.

This work, although intended primarily as a text-book for college students embarking on the study of philosophy, can be recommended as one of the best things of its kind in English for the ordinary educated reader who desires to obtain a clear general view of the great structure of scholastic teaching raised on the foundations of Aristotelian metaphysics. The days are long past when even historians of philosophy, otherwise well-informed, could without fear of ridicule

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dismiss the whole of scholasticism as a piece of mental gymnastics centred about the probable number of angels that could dance on the point of a needle. In the present conflict of rival philosophies the student not already committed heart and soul to the defence of a particular system may well be grateful for Dr. Ryan's clear and masterful presentation of Thomistic Aristotelianism.

The author's method deserves special praise. It consists in viewing philosophy, as in actual practice it proves itself to be, as a series of problems demanding close examination and such solution as the philosopher can offer in accord with his fundamental principles. Too many of our text-books are simply manuals of the history of philosophy and they merely add a little more to the mass of erudition which the student is expected to master; this book seriously endeavors to make him think along philosophical lines. There is, therefore, comparatively little historical matter in the volume, although the footnotes and the bibliographies offer plenty of guidance for the reader who desires to follow out the implications of a special problem in the works of the great philosophical writers.

To anticipate a possible criticism, let it be said that although the book is written by a professor of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., it is no mere summary of traditional scholastic principles buttressed by theological authorities in their weak places. Fair and also fearless exposition of the teachings of rival systems is conspicuous throughout and moreover there is no blinking at the vulnerable points in the scholastic armor. If any reader be skeptical of this statement, let him study the chapter dealing with "The Problem of Freedom," wherein a clear and logically convincing criticism of determinism is combined with a frank admission of the difficulties of proving freewill.

Travel

WANDERINGS AND EXCURSIONS. By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $3.00.

It is with considerable pleasure that we turn to Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, to find him wandering through Rob Roy's country and into Yarrow, or in the lake country, or in Constantinople, to find him able even to quote from the poets, to find him under all circumstances endowed with human tastes and intelligence. Frankly, it is a curious pleasure to find a politician enjoying a life other than the political. And the pleasure is magnified considerably if, like Mr. MacDonald, he is able to tell of his adventures with considerable grace and gusto, to forget the inflated periods of oratory and assume the more modest cadences of intimate prose, and to describe what he has seen and felt with great charm and vividness.

Cultivated, urbane, Mr. MacDonald is a lover of the outdoors, of long tramps across country and quiet inns at the end of day, of talks with simple people, a lover of freedom and the full life. One feels that the urge to write is to him what the *wanderlust* is, the urgent need to get away from the "vices of the smart or the flashy inanities of those to whom the jewels of life are paste or glass. It keeps his windows open to the winds of heaven and his heart to the song of birds." But Mr. MacDonald is possessed of more than the urge to express himself, is possessed of a genuine talent, a talent that not even a very active life in politics has prevented him from nurturing. One need but open the present volume to any page to make sure of this.

ACROSS EUROPE WITH SATANELLA. By CLARE SHERIDAN. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $3.50.

In this book Clare Sheridan gives a chit-chatty and interesting description of the trip she and her brother Peter made on a motorcycle across Europe during the summer of 1924—hurriedly from England to Poland and leisurely through the Ukraine and Crimea. She writes informingly though somewhat superficially about the present social conditions in Germany, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Russia. We are told in some detail about the roads on which they traveled, about the inns in which they sojourned, about the kinds of people they met with; emphasis is laid upon the changes brought about since the War, particularly in the life and attitude of the Russian worker. Amusing incidents and penetrating sidelights flavor the narrative, and forty-five fine photographs add not a little to the value of the book.

Inherently bourgeois and thoroughly feminine, Clare Sheridan's apparently strong enthusiasm for Soviet Russia is really an enthusiasm for the bizarre customs and strange characteristics of the Russian people rather than for the kind of government under which they now live. She is a romantic, but she does not lack shrewd practical sense. While she can say unblushingly: "Russia is to me a religion, an inspiration; it is lover, husband, child to me," she can nevertheless write critically and discerningly about the conditions now prevailing in the country governed by her Bolshevik friends. "Across Europe With Satanella" is a fine piece of reportorial writing enhanced by the charm and femininity of the writer's style.

THE COUNTRY THAT I LOVE. By MARIE, Queen of Roumania. Brentano's. 1925. $4.50.

The valiant and beautiful Queen writes with a tender and profound devotion of her beloved adopted land, of its castles, monasteries, villages, peasantry, seaports, at the time when nearly all her domain was at the mercy of the invading conquerors. It was in the dark year of 1916 that she wrote and published this message of hope to her stricken people, and it is now reproduced in a befittingly handsome volume with colored illustrations by Marie's daughter, Elizabeth, Queen of Greece. The author is no mere royal novice with the pen, for her faculty of description, her accomplished and exact discretion in word values, the delicate but colorful charm of her prose, attest the work of a practiced and intelligent mind.

FROM CHINA TO HKAMTI LONG. By CAPTAIN F. KINGDON WARD. 317 pages. London: Edward Arnold. 1924. $6.

Captain Ward makes an absorbingly interesting narrative of the trip, described in his book, setting off the grandeur of the mountains up on the Thibetan frontier against the daily incidents of travel. Always one gets from his story the point of view of a trained intelligence sifting out the really significant from among the multiplicity of notes which a naturalist would take in this garden spot of the world. Over thirty different sorts of Rhododendrons, ranging from trees to tiny crevice plants, and even epiphytes, were seen in a single day's walk. Nowhere else in the world would this be possible save in that region between China, British India, Tibet, and farther west in the Himalayas.

Recession of the glaciers is noted throughout the book. Captain Ward ascribes this to a dwindling rainfall. Some of it may be due to that, but the work of Cooper in Alaska, and the reviewer and his colleagues on Mt. Marcy in the Adirondacks, demonstrates that it may be due to a gradual warming up of the north temperate zone, which has been going on ever since the retreat of the great continental glacier.

While the object of his travels was to collect plants, the natives and their shifting governments come in for a good deal of attention from the author. Notwithstanding British, Tibetan and Chinese influences, there are many miles of this region actually governed by no one, or frankly given over to bandits. Some of the author's trips had to be planned deliberately to avoid these gentry.

No other book since that of E. H. Wilson on Szechwan is so entertaining, instructive, and thoroughly satisfactory as this one. It is unfortunately miserably bound, and there is a misleading error in the index of plant names, where fifty-six species of *Rhododendron* are all credited to the comparatively unimportant genus *Rhamnus*.

THE JOURNAL OF A JEWISH TRAVELLER. By ISRAEL COHEN. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $4.

Mr. Cohen, an English Jew and the General Secretary of the World Zionist Organization, was sent to Australasia, India, and the Far East to seek out what Jewish communities he might find in order to explain to them the significance of the Balfour Declaration and to muster financial support for its practical realization. He began his task in 1920 and in the ensuing year he travelled 30,000 miles, covering the vast region between Port Said and Manila, Harbin and Christchurch. His was the first journey of its kind ever made by a Jew to the Jewish settlements within the boundaries

(*Continued on next page*)

Trade Winds

THE English fondness for children's annuals seems to be spreading to this country under the encouragement given by the advance in technique of those bulky quartos. Such volumes as "Joy Street," and now "The Flying Carpet" seem to lend some justification for this type of book, and their publication now must even catch the attention of the first edition collectors. "The Flying Carpet," for instance, has contributions by Thomas Hardy, Alfred Noyes, J. M. Barrie, and Walter De La Mare. Perhaps the purchaser will turn first, however, to page 32, where we find a poem entitled "When We Were Very, *Very* Young" by A. A. Milne, illustrations by Shepard. Who is there today who would not be caught by such an announcement? Only a couple of weeks ago, a first edition of the large paper copy of "When We Were Very Young" sold for twenty-one pounds in London.

There is a special comfort to a bookman in the announcement in the *Quarterly Review* that "John Inglesant," the famous historical romance of forty years ago, was full of verbatim borrowings from sixteenth and seventeenth century writers. Here is a book that had an extraordinary sale all over England, and yet no one until this time had noticed the borrowings from Hobbes's "Leviathan," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Evelyn's "Diary," etc. Perhaps it may be that all the people who discuss famous works of past centuries are not as familiar with them as they say, and that the previous generation was not as completely absorbed in world classics as is sometimes suggested.

There seems to be a plentitude of efficient Browns in the book-trade. I have made neighborly calls on an ecstatic and blue-eyed Brown who sells books on Asia in a fascinating shop opposite the Plaza Hotel. I did not know there were so many Oriental books this side of Museum Street, London. Then, I've found that the very well-informed gentleman who follows the interest of thinkers and near-thinkers in Brentano's great corner for philosophy and new thought is another Brown, (Brian, this one). And still further down the great artery of bookselling is the energetic Browne of Himebaugh & Browne, who is this season patiently waiting on the third floor of a nearby building while the Farmers' Trust Company puts a roof over his Fifth Avenue location. I like the courage of a man who has proved able to handle a rental on what I suppose is the highest priced shopping frontage in the world and sell books there.

The American book-trade has heard much about the modern movement in German book-making. So much attention has been given there to the problems of paper, types, binding, and format that they have had to develop a new word, *buchkunst*, to express the field of book arts. An opportunity to study the production of the last decade has been supplied by the exhibit at Columbia University the first part of October, and members of the New York trade and publishing houses took advantage of the display to study the products of the German presses sent over here by a coöperative effort of the German publishers. The chief impression we have had is that of color, boldly and usually successfully used, *farbenfreude* applied to the area of book craftsmanship.

When the newspapers carried the exciting stories of the eighteen year-old girl from Kansas City who is to have prima donna parts in the Metropolitan Opera, it was interesting to note that several journalists found their comparisons to this dramatic event in Thea of Willa Cather's "The Song of the Lark." It speaks well for Miss Cather's writing that so many have read her great book of the artistic temperament and have remembered it so vividly as to use it for comparison with real life.

An ingenious editor of one of our literary papers has been assaying a new form of symposium by asking for opinions from authors, publishers, editors, etc. as to what each one thinks is a "winning book" of the fall. The interviewer seems to have allowed the interviewed some latitude as to the interpretation of "winning." I imagine a good many will mention the Lord Grey book. Certainly there must have been strong competition to obtain a book of such outstanding significance, especially in these years when biography takes such significance in book sales. Those who are interested in biography as a newly revived art, however, will not find as much in the fall announcements as those who look on biographies as a source of information. There is a new Bradford book, to be sure, but not, perhaps, his best, and Werner's "Brigham Young" but nothing from Strachey or Guedalla.

We had not thought of our shop as being a music store, but it may become so under new conditions. While we hear on every side that music is selling less and less, if our shop is anything to go by, the demand for bound music is becoming greater and greater. Two of our best sellers in the past week have been "A Book of American Negro Spirituals," by James Elwood Johnson and "Barber Shop Ballads," edited by Sigmund Spaeth. Sig Spaeth is a much beloved personality in New York, and the music world owes him much for his engaging ways of bringing new attention to music.

Some visitors to my shop have reproached me for the cocktail shaker visible on the counter at the back; therefore I explain it is used only to mix the chocolate malted milk that Young Amherst and I serve to customers. I find that midday visitors are more likely to linger and buy if they don't have to go elsewhere for lunch, so I have Young Amherst make up a pile of liverwurst sandwiches and he shakes up an ice-cold malted chocolate in a moment. I sometimes make as much as a couple of dollars' profit a day on my lunch counter, and Young Amherst is a pleasant contrast to the usual lunchroom genie. His English is correct by the severest Genung standard, and in his white apron he looks like a Scene of Clerical Life.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

NEWS

"THE MAN MENCKEN" by Isaac Goldberg will be ready October 31st.

* * *

Mencken's great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather is responsible for the slight delay—his photograph just arrived, and the life-story of The Bad Boy of Baltimore would not be complete without Herr Luderus Mencken.

* * *

"THE MAN MENCKEN" marks a new principle in biographies: it tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, disclosing———

Mencken's adventures in Sunday School—
Mencken's career as a cigar-salesman—
Mencken's chemical inventions—
Mencken's musical compositions—
Mencken's adolescent verse—
Mencken's early short stories—
Mencken's drawings and paintings—

and other memorabilia far, far too humorous to mention here.

* * *

Is it any wonder that alert book-sellers and vigilant collectors of Menckeniana have been rushing in their advance orders for the Isaac Goldberg opus?

* * *

The price of "THE MAN MENCKEN" is $4—including the afore-mentioned memorabilia *by* Mencken as well as *about* him.

* * *

Arthur Schnitzler's latest novel, "FRAULEIN ELSE" will be ready any minute now—Monday, October 26th, to be exact.

* * *

In many of our well-read homes, dinner tables will be agog with talk about "Fraulein Else," beginning Monday, October 26th—judging by the eager way in which customers have filed their advance orders with book-stores.

* * *

Forget that "FRAULEIN ELSE" has been hailed as Schnitzler's masterpiece by European critics, forget that it is a best-seller on the Continent, and take our word for it that——

* * *

"FRAULEIN ELSE" is so exciting, so dramatic, so tender that the three hours of its action become three unforgettable hours in your life.

* * *

What more could you ask for $1.50?

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Points of View

"What Is Beauty?"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

During the past few months I have been meditating at odd moments upon the value of the interesting suggestions in your editorial of last February, "What is Beauty?" The results of these meditations are inconclusive enough but perhaps you will have the forbearance to listen to them. Your position, if I state it correctly, was briefly this: modern physics has resolved this solid-seeming world into vibrations, stresses and strains of magnetic fields, forms of motion of one kind or another; hence, while so-called material objects are only apparent, rhythm is objectively real, and beauty, which is the perception of harmonious rhythm, is revelatory of truth, as, for example, "the form of a cathedral is an entity in itself"; further, the dissemination of this new scientific knowledge will prove a barrier to the mechanization of life and "the defenders of beauty as the most accessible truth will grow stronger and more numerous."

One who believes as I do that beauty is the most important thing in life is certain to find your argument most appealing, yet the more I think about it, the more skeptical I become. To seek a basis for aesthetics in modern physics which, as physicists themselves proclaim, is in an extraordinary state of flux, seems only less dangerous than to seek it in metaphysics, particularly with Einstein and all his relativist followers lying in wait for us: for rhythm, however, defined, manifestly involves Time, and whether Time is a stuff, an objective relation, or a shifting pragmatic construction from "systems of reference" neither physicists nor philosophers have as yet made up their minds.

Let it be granted that rhythm is a category of reality, beauty still remains not mere rhythm but harmony of rhythm; not all rhythms—the throbbing of a toothache for instance—are beautiful; and with the additional element of harmony, the human subject steps in and takes possession of the whole field. The harmony we seek is not simply mathematical regularity, for the toothache is an adept at mathematics while the Old Town at Menton and the streets of Arles know nothing of it, but a harmony with our lives, our purposes and needs, and, no doubt, in last analysis, with our breathing, our nerve-currents, and the beating of our hearts. If interpreted physiologically, your doctrine of rhythm might lead, and I suspect will lead when psychologists get around to it, if they ever become tired of playing with mental tests and observing the behavior of rats in a maze, very far into the sub-conscious laboratory where our æsthetic appreciations are born, but interpreted metaphysically, as affording a kind of esoteric knowledge, I can make nothing of it. The form of a cathedral may be an entity in itself but so also is the form of a doughnut; there are ugly as well as beautiful cathedrals, and the realm of entities includes them all, innocent of our human preferences, and according no higher place to "Hamlet" than to "The Green Hat". I would fain believe that beauty is the most universal of human values but it nevertheless remains human, all too human; it can tell us much about ourselves but little or nothing about the nature of the environing universe.

Nor can I follow your optimistic hopes for the future. Even should physics and æsthetics form a holy alliance, there is small chance of its influencing the popular consciousness for generations. Recent events have shown that the theory of evolution has not yet reached down below the upper stratum of society. In fact, nine men out of ten, in their conception of man's place in the universe, are still thinking in Ptolemaic rather than Copernican terms. Why should modern physics, vastly more technical than these earlier theories, expect a speedier success?

Is it not reasoning in a circle to say: "So long as there are fine minds that feel finely there can be no complete satisfaction in the urbanized world of slovenly houses, clipped speech, signboards, flat emotions and machinery lives which so many dread as our future, simply because there will always be rebels against it." Granted, so long as there are fine minds, but why should there be? Can we say that there is as much love of beauty in the world today as in the Middle Ages when it appeared in clothing, furniture, and daily living, or as in ancient Greece where it pervaded religion and even politics? Is not the modern world becoming steadily more mechanized in industry, education, and manner of life? The bees have led a strictly mechanized existence for fifty million years. We have often been advised to imitate those testy creatures and are at last doing so. How dare you prophesy so surely that we will not succeed?

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

New York.

The writer of the editorial on Beauty was content to point out that our new knowledge (which in pertinent details is by no means guesswork) of the nature of matter makes it possible to rationalize the beauty of harmony which we all feel in certain arrangements of substance. Beyond that, all that he wrote was speculation. But in so disputed a subject as beauty perhaps a single step is worth the taking—THE EDITOR.

Indicter Indicted

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Under the caption "The New Books," in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, issue of September 12th, we find a short write-up of Gene Stratton-Porter's "The Keeper of The Bees." We believe this review gives a generally wrong impression of the book in question and that many of its statements are exceedingly misleading, to say the least.

While there is much of the exaggeration and over-doneness which all must surely see and deplore in the stories by Gene Stratton-Porter yet in "The Keeper of The Bees," she surely has given us a readable and, on the whole, a happy, delightful story in which, to be sure, many defects can be found but, just as surely, much that is lovely and "of good report." Hence the above mentioned write-up seems to us one-sided, unfair.

"Our Reviewer" says: "The story's unwonted length is due to the immense garrulity of a ten-year old prodigy," etc. Oh, not entirely surely, for we think it hardly fair to lay all the responsibility of so grave a charge to little "Jean Meredith."

Then of the hero of the story the reviewer says: "A poor girl confides to him that she has been ruined and begs the privilege of bearing his name to sanctify her approaching maternity. He has never seen her before she makes this modest request, but he, noble soul, accedes to it at once, and they are wed," etc.

But "our reviewer" fails to acquaint us also with the somewhat mitigating fact that this same HERO did this quixotic and exceedingly unusual thing, (Granted!) with the idea fully established in his mind that he was soon to leave this earth and feeling thus that he himself would not need much longer his name, was willing to give it to shield some woman and to give comfort and help to great distress. Therefore, by the above statement, "our reviewer" surely gives but the half-truth which makes for *wrong-truth*.

He closes his write-up by saying: "The whole book radiates sweetness, hope, and light with the unreasoning intensity of an August sun."

So must "The Keeper of The Bees" by Gene Stratton-Porter (now of gracious and blessed memory) stand indicted together with the "August sun."

"August sun," hast thou "unreasoning intensity?" Well, we had never thought of it just this way before, but presume it must be true if "our reviewer" says so and, if true, surely a grave indictment.

GERTRUDE SMITH.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Herrick's Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

After the "Bathos" of a year or so ago Mr. Boynton's review of Robert Herrick's "Frustration" of September 19th is a dose too much from the same allopath.

Your reviewer, in whose modernly healthy nostrils Robert Herrick smells of the effete '90's, declares that there "is something in Robert Herrick that a healthy reader may properly distrust if not resent." We suspect that the "resent" is in secret communion with a contemporary's pique, for who is there that dares cast an aspersion upon Herrick's mastery of literary art? Such art, linked to enduring forms of the past, must, while disdaining modern fashions, make use of modern grist; hence a possible lack of wide appeal just at this moment. But it is quite possible that in that very fact the present has gained a lasting voice for the equally disdainful future.

Part of the modern fashion is to "distrust" theme: the only acceptable theme, firmly rooted in realism, is One Person's Life, be that life however lacking in theme worthy of attention. Now all of Robert Herrick's books are wrought upon powerful themes: his art, like all true art, is concerned not just with depicting life but with sifting and pointing life. Your reviewer finds the artist diseased because his theme is the frustration of life. But we do not have to be philosophers to see that frustration is the answer that this civilization invariably makes. That does not make the thing final; but we need artists, whose minds are capable of analyzing the real and synthesizing its elements anew with regard to the ideal, in order to get beyond frustration. Herrick is such an artist. He has given us the affirmative, not only in "Clark's Field" but in "The Healer" and other works, and, moreover, in implication the affirmative is never lacking. If his "mood is skeptical, melancholy, and alas, often merely plaintive" (which is exaggeration) it can find abundant cause so to be in our complacent *jeunesse* acceptance of frustration.

GEORGE LAW

Espanola, New Mexico.

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In a recent number of your periodical, in a review of some books on American History, occurs this sentence:

Turning from a large, honest work, full of the fruits of independent research, to history for morons and their equals, the adolescents settled in our schools and colleges, is a considerable fall.

Here is a perfect sample of a style of reviewing that seems to be more and more characteristic of what we suppose are our reputable journals.

The book complimented was Volume VI of Professor Channing's History; but the two volumes for morons and adolescents were those of "A Political and Social History of the United States," written by Professors Hockett and Schlesinger and published by Macmillan. I submit, first, that the students in our schools and colleges are not necessarily morons; second, that they need textbooks; and third, that the honest work that went into the two volumes in question warranted at least a careful and unprejudiced review. Unfortunately, however, some writers, in their eagerness to be brilliant, no longer pay much attention to either truth or good taste. And while I am on the general subject, I might say that those of us who have to do with the adolescent minds in our schools and colleges are not necessarily either fools or fossils, in spite of the inferences in our witty and vivacious journals. One may retain a little of his brains even if he does become a professor; and if anybody thinks it is easy to hold forth before the young people now coming to our schools and colleges, let him try it for a few weeks. He will hurry back to his review-writing.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY.

Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C.

The New Books
Travel

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of these four far-off cities, and the record of his travels is a most creditable and illuminating report on the life and attitude of the little known children of Israel. His book presents a vivid and intimate picture of these Eastern Jews; their social and cultural life and the service they have rendered to pioneer colonization, international commerce, and good government; the important position they hold in Australia, and in such cities as Shanghai, Hongkong, and Singapore; the contrast between the Bagdadi Jews and the Bene Israel, both types of Oriental Jews; the achievements and personalities of the leading Jews in each community. Mr. Cohen gives also a detailed description of his mode of travel, of the various people he met with, of the many incidents—some strange and some humorous—he experienced, of the cities he visited. His volume is indeed a veritable source book on all questions pertaining to the Jews of the Eastern hemisphere and to many questions pertaining to their non-Jewish neighbors.

Mr. Cohen writes unusually well. He knows he has something worthy to say, and he says it in a style that is careful, clear and calm. The bare facts and information he has to present become in his book an intimate record of travel flavored with personal anecdotes and tinctured with a dry crackling humor; at the same time he is always the Jewish emissary in quest of money and the European making the most of his extraordinary opportunities.

Thirty-one fine photographs, most of them taken by the author, add to the interest of this commendable record.

NORTHWARD HO! By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON and JULIA AUGUSTA SCHWARTZ. Macmillan. 1925.

One cannot imagine a better book for boys and girls to read along with their geographies and histories of the United States than this vivid and simply written account of the Far North. Here are true tales of adventurous expeditions across the ice and snows by no less an authority than the explorer Stefansson. Here also are amusing stories and descriptions of the Eskimos themselves; of their homes, their pets, their customs and costumes, besides enthralling accounts of conquering the cold and making a living from the land. All the adventure demanded by childish imaginations is here a-plenty, combined with a wealth of accurate, scientific detail which, unconsciously absorbed, should prove a very real benefit in later years. The book is attractively illustrated with numerous photographs that follow and elaborate the text.

THE ENGLAND OF DICKENS. By *Walter Dexter*. Lippincott.

LONDON. By *Charles G. Harper*. Lippincott. $2.50.

THE MAP THAT IS HALF UNROLLED. By *E. Alexander Powell*. Century. $3.50.

BEYOND KHYLER PASS. By *Lowell Thomas*. Century. $4.

WEST OF THE PACIFIC. By *Ellsworth Huntington*. Scribners. $4.50.

BOULEVARDS ALL THE WAY—MAYBE! By *James Montgomery Flagg*. Doran. $2 net.

INTRODUCING LONDON. By *E. V. Lucas*. Doran. $1.25 net.

PARIS ON PARADE. By *Robert Forrest Wilson*. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

Brief Mention

THE bookshelf before us this week begins with a dozen or so travel books. "Reading *Carpenter* is Seeing the World" says the jacket of the new title in *Carpenter's* World Travels series, the nineteenth of this series, if we have counted correctly. This one gives a rapid and useful, if not very penetrating, account of "Japan and Korea" (Doubleday, Page. $4). And, next to it, *Lowell Thomas's* "Beyond Khyber Pass" (Century. $4) proves to be an anecdotal descriptive story of dangerous Afghanistan, told with knowledge and humor. Three interesting volumes of travel in a miscellaneous series published by Dutton are "A Wayfarer in Unknown Tuscany", by *Edward Hutton* (Dutton. $3), "Lombardy, Tyrol and the Trentino", by *Hugh Quigley*, (Dutton. $3.50), and "The Romance of Edinburgh Streets," by *Mary D. Steuart* (Dutton. $3). The first is a loving description of a little-known part of Tuscany, with an account of David Lazzaretti, a new messiah, and much intimate detail. The second contains essays descriptive and historical for the benefit of the traveller; and the third is a guidebook with a context of history and romance. Two readable books on Italy, of the plains and cities and of the mountains, are furnished in "Italian Town and Country Life," by *Colin R. Coote* (Brentano's. $3) and "Under the Italian Alps", by *Ellinor Lucy Broadbent* (Brentano's. $3). These books are uniform in format and supply anecdote, history, and description. "Naples Through the Centuries", by *Lacy Collison-Morley* (Stokes. $4) is another Italian compendium of history, description and general information, abundantly illustrated. Not original or scholarly, but detailed and interesting. "The Romance of Monte Carlo" by *Charles Kingston*, (Dodd, Mead. $4) and "Old Time Paris", by *George F. Edwards* (Dutton. $2) give, in the one instance, an assembly of anecdotes of Monte Carlo, many of them good,—material in which possible short stories abound,—and "a plain guide to the chief survivals" of Lutetia. And we can close this section of the shelf by noting *E. I. Robson's* "A Wayfarer in Czecho-Slovakia" (Dutton. $3), which is informative as well as informal.

Returning from travel, we find "Beacon Hill", by *Allen Chamberlain* (Houghton Mifflin. $4) a well-printed and well-

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S. A. MITCHELL
Director of Leander McCormick Observatory

Second edition. pp. xvii + 452. 66 plates. $5.00

This is the most complete consideration of solar eclipses that has appeared in any language.

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written book, on the model of the studies of London streets,—a Boston book with an historical and geneological value beyond Boston. And now that we're home again, here is "Your Home Beautiful", by *Lucy D. Taylor* (Doran. $3.50), a manual of decoration fully illustrated, running from wall-papers to architecture. As a contrast, take "English Architecture at a Glance" by *Frederick Chatterton* (Putnam's) the architectural history of England taught by the picture method, a little book of ninety drawings with comment on each. Outside the house, "Flower and Kitchen Gardens", by *Jessica G. Cosgrave* (Doran. $2.50) may prove useful, being as it is a text-book for the amateur, simple and not too ambitious in scope. And the "Field Book of Birds of the Southwestern United States", by *Luther E. Wyman* and *Elizabeth F. Burnell* (Houghton Mifflin. $3.50) is a useful handbook if you happen to live in that territory. It is a complement to "Birds of the Pacific Coast" published two years ago.

Life must have amusements, and two new books on the movies, "When the Movies were Young", by *Mrs. D. W. Griffith* (Dutton. $3) and "Famous Film Folk", by *Charles Donald Fox* (Doran. $2) are, in the one instance, a crudely written but interesting account of Griffith's beginnings, and, in the other, a Who's Who of personalities in the screen world. "Behind the Scenes at the Opera" by *Mary Fitch Watkins* (Stokes. $2.50) gives just that view of the singer's world, with intimate anecdote. It is written by the author of "First Aid to the Opera-Goer". And returning to the library, here are "Life's Westward Windows," by George *Preston Mains* (Abingdon Press. $1.50), a book of pleasant philosophical essays, "*Anthony Trollope*", by *Spencer Nichols* (New York: Douglas C. McMurtrie), a collector's appreciation of the famous Victorian author, with interesting map and bibliography; a new and authorized edition of *Norman Douglas's* famous novel "South Wind" (Dodd, Mead. $2.50), "Akiba," by *Marcus Lehmann*, a translation from the German of a Jewish historical romance, drawing on the richness of Rabbinical literature, (New York: Jewish Forum Publishing Co.), a new item in the Broadway Translations, being "Three Plays of *Plautus*" translated by several hands (Dutton. $3), and *Descartes'* "La Geometrie" (Open Court. $4), a facsimile of a presentation copy from Descartes himself of the first edition of 1637, with translation included.

Here also is a new special edition (Appleton. $2.50) of *Stephen Crane's* immortal "The Red Badge of Courage"; and, for the children, here is "David Goes Voyaging", by *David Binney Putnam*, nephew of *Will Beebe*, telling of his part in the Arcturus Expedition (Putnam); "Twilight Stories," by the late *Kate Douglas Wiggin* and *Nora A. Smith* (Houghton Mifflin. $1.75), being early kindergarten stories, a second series; "Miss Minerva Broadcasts Billy" by *Emma Speed Sampson*, (Reilly & Lee), the fifth of the "Miss Minerva" books,—a southern juvenile centering action around a home-made radio; and "Secretary Hawkins in Cuba" by *Robert F. Schulkers* (Appleton. $1.75), a new tale of the well-known fat-boy character who has already appeared in several volumes.

The Reader's Guide

A BALANCED RATION

VACHEL LINDSAY: Collected Poems (Macmillan).

THE PRESENT ECONOMIC REVOLUTION IN THE UNITED STATES. By *Thomas Nixon Carver*. (Little, Brown).

THE CHICKEN-WAGON FAMILY. By *Barry Benefield*. (Century).

D. B., University of Georgia, says that Miss Katherine Anthony, who has been spending the summer nearby, will have a new life of Catherine the Great published the third week of October (Knopf) and that it is based on German and Russian sources and done "as a serious historical effort, rather than high-colored or fictionized scissors-and-paste."

MEANTIME I can tell the inquirer, J. C. R., Macon Ga., that in "The Prince de Ligne," translated from the French of O. P. Gilbert by Joseph McCabe (McDevitt-Wilson), I have just come upon a chapter written by the gay marshal himself in which is a portrait of Great Catherine that in a dozen pages makes her live more than in many more formal records. Just after her death he wrote this earnest and glowing summary of "what I never would have said of the Empress while she lived and what my love of truth makes me write now." There is much more that is worth reading in this book.

K. R. M., Pomona, Cal., comes back a second year for a selection of books, half of them fiction, for a high school library.

ONLY the first rank of the army of young people's books advancing on Children's Week has as yet reached me, but already there are an unusual number of stories for that between age on whose reading I am so often asked to advise. What is more to the purpose, some of these are of unusual quality. The Charles Boardman Hawes Prize added not only the winner, Charles Sublette's "Scarlet Cockerel," but the runners-up, Alfred Bill's "Clutch of the Corsican" and H. A. Pulsford's "Old Brig's Cargo" (all Little Brown). "Tonty of the Iron Hand," by Everett McNeil (Dutton), is an authentic and steadily thrilling story of the La Salle Expedition. Bernard Marshall has two new historical novels, one with a hero who takes part in the battle of Bunker Hill in "Redcoat and Minuteman" (Appleton), and one just out, "Old Hickory's Prisoner" (Appleton), a tale that goes through the Indian campaigns of Andrew Jackson and that against the British at New Orleans. The Beacon Hill Book Shelf (Little, Brown), a collection that keeps a high standard through a long list, has just added "Gold Seeking on the Dalton Trail," by Arthur R. Thompson, an adventure story of Alaska, but its most distinguished recent accession is a new edition of Francis Parkman's "The Oregon Trail," with colored illustrations by N. C. Wyeth. "Coin and Crossbones," by Morris Longstreth (Century) follows his "Silent Five," which boys will remember closed on sinister possibilities, but this book could be taken by itself well enough. In "The Living Forest," by Arthur Hening (Doubleday, Page), two boys are marooned in wildest Canada with an old guide who shows them how to keep fit and fed in the woods. William Heyliger's new "Quinby and Son" (Appleton) is about a boy whose father has difficulty in understanding him.

There will be no fiction on this list more welcome in a school library than "The Sporting Spirit," a selection of "best stories of sport" compiled by Charles Wright Gray (Holt). They are not especially for young people, but in the literature of sport, as of radio, age-limits count for naught. Another collection that should be useful in a high school library is "Copy: 1925" (Appleton), stories, plays, poems, and essays from the published work of special students at Columbia.

The newest idea in the girls' books is in "Polly Put the Kettle On," by Jane Abbott and Henrietta Penny (Lippincott). A girl in her teens, trying to keep house for her father, has a head-on collision with the cookbook and is then taught by a neighbor after the unjustly censured method of Mr. Squeers. As she "goes and does it" the recipes go into the book, line upon line, in the course of an amusing story. "Trail's End," by Beth Gilchrist (Century), gives an excellent idea of what Vermont can offer in winter to a group of sport-loving girls. In John H. Hamlin's "Beloved Acres" (Century), a daughter rescues and runs the family ranch in California. In Ethel Cook Eliot's "Fireweed" (Doubleday, Page), a sixteen-year-old manages to get on the stage by talent, energy, and good fortune. These are well-told stories with something in them besides the plot.

Much sifting has brought the first pile of non-fiction for this library down to ten books. "The Story of Man's Work," by William Hayward and Gerald Johnson (Minton, Balch), is an "outline of history" as it has been made by plain people, the workers and planners: it is not afraid to carry the story to the problems of this day. "The Boys' Book of Ships," by Charles E. Cartwright (Dutton), should be in every library, and boys will no doubt see that it gets into many; the information is compact and comprehensive and there are many pictures and plans. "The Master Builders," by Mary H. Wade (Little, Brown), has brief biographies of Goethals, Carnegie, Ford, Booker Washington, Alexander Graham Bell, and J. J. Hill. "The Boys' Life of Grover Cleveland," by Royal J. Davis (Harper), is truly a find for school libraries or those at home; it will hold the reader at an age when biography has to be human to hold him.

J. F. E., New York City, asks for a book about Bermuda and its history.

THERE is a detailed and up-to-date guide book, "Bermuda", published by Macmillan in the series of "Rider's Guides" that includes guide books for New York—a treasure—and Washington. "Bermuda Past and Present", by Walter S. Hayward (Dodd, Mead), goes further into the history of the island and gives much information about its many literary associations, its method of government, and its natural resources; the book has guide features also.

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The Phoenix Nest

THE Retail Bookseller of the Baker & Taylor Company wafts to our desk a slip listing the best selling fiction and non-fiction for the month, August 22 to September 22. Of course, in the fiction, *Gertrude Atherton, Kathleen Norris, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Gene Stratton-Porter* are going strong, but we did not realize that *W. J. Locke* was still in the running. Yet his "The Great Pandolfo" ranks fourth. * * * Of course "Soundings" by *Arthur Hamilton Gibbs* is in the ten, and we expected to find—as we do—*E. Barrington's* "Glorious Apollo" there. But, good as the book is, it is quite a surprise to see *Anne Parrish's* "The Perennial Bachelor" up in second place and *Willa Cather's* "The Professor's House" running fifth. * * * Last, and just squeezing into the first ten, comes *Galsworthy's* collected short stories, "Caravan." * * * In the Non-Fiction *Amy Lowell's* "What's O'Clock" gallops fourth, *Milne* still leading this bunch handily with "When We Were Very Young". In fact, Dutton has just got out a new gift edition of this book, which book buyers of the various book stores throughout the country were enthusiastic enough about to give the firm large advance orders for the Christmas trade. * * * *Charlotte Kellogg*, the wife of *Vernon Kellogg*, has just sent us the following verses apropos of *Kathleen Norris's* "Little Ships". They are addressed directly to the author:

Now glory be to God, Kathleen,
For Kate and Mag and Tom and Mart,
And all the romping Irish brood
That haven in your heart!

You give the measure of the west.
Inclusive as its wind and sun
Your love, which gathers to your knees
The least, the frailest one.

The aureole but faintly glimpsed
A flaming circle here appears;
You are the voice that speaks for us,
Our laughter and our tears.

Thus "Mother", "Noon", their promise fill
While saints and angels guide your hand.
And far upon your destined way
At "shadder's turn" you stand.

* * * *Willum Beebe's* "Jungle Days" and *Brousson's* "Anatole France Himself" are well up in the best-selling non-fiction. "Winged Defense" by *Mitchell* is there too, and shows how much to the forefront today are the problems of aviation. *Papini* and *M. R. Werner*, of course, still qualify in the non-fiction division. * * * And at this point some one asks us, of the books we have read, which would *we* qualify for our own list? * * * Well, our reading has been hurried and spasmodic lately, with great gaps, and we'll have to take hearsay for some choices,—but here's a list of ten in which we think there won't be many disappointments for the reader. Of course we're bound to duplicate a bit! As for the order, we can't arrange 'em in order: "The Professor's House," by *Willa Cather*, "The Venetian Glass Nephew," by *Elinor Wylie*; "The Song of the Indian Wars," by *John G. Neihardt*; "Foolish Fiction," by *Christopher Ward*; "Samuel Drummond," by *Thomas Boyd*; "The Chicken-Wagon Family," by *Barry Benefield*; "The Sailor's Return," by *David Garnett*; "Fire-crackers," by *Carl Van Vechten*; "Tiger Joy," by *Stephen Vincent Benét*, and "Cold Harbour," by *Francis Brett Young*. * * * There are four solid novels of various types, by Cather, Boyd, Benefield and Young; three fantasies, by Elinor Wylie, Van Vechten and Garnett; two books of poetry by Neihardt and Benét, and a book of parodies by Ward.* * *With respect to Neihardt's "Song of the Indian Wars," we can only say that he has done admirably what we ourselves always wanted to do. He makes the battle of Beecher's Island live again, and the Custer affair.* * * *Sinclair Lewis*, we hear, is now engaged in writing a romance of the Canadian Northwest, the result of a canoe trip to the Red River region last year.*** But we wonder if any member of the Royal Mounted will suddenly appear in the doorway? They do in all the Canadian Northwest novels we've ever read.*** We have been approached by the "American Thank You League." This is the very latest; they are to "broadcast a Nation-wide campaign of courtesy and bring the pleasing words, 'Thank You!' into universal use."*** And they warn us in a postscript, "Ere you smilingly crush and transfer this to the waste-basket, pause and reflect! It may be a courtesy test."*** Thus we are aroused to mayhem, arson, assassination, barratry, and all the crimes of which we heretofore believed ourselves incapable! It's a terrible thing to do to a peaceful citizen,—what they have done to us! We sit staring into a red haze. We would like to knock somebody cuckoo!*** We have thought up a novel—but no, we're not going to give *that* away!*** But we're going to frame the "American Thank You League's" letter. *Honest*, we didn't believe it would come to *this!* *** Those interested in the crossword puzzle of collaboration should see "Outside Looking In," by *Maxwell Anderson* at the Greenwich Theatre and "The Buccaneer" by the same in collaboration with *Laurence Stallings*, at the Plymouth. The first is a tramp play full of magnificent expletives, and with a very interesting story that is more chronicle than drama; the second is a pirate romance with highly picturesque expletives, a weak first act, and a tense and dramatic finale. Both men can sling language. Which is the playwright? We bet on Stallings for literary "cussing" and Anderson for playmaking.*** *Albert* and *Charles Boni* are going to move to 66 Fifth Avenue on January first. There they'll spread out on almost an entire floor. It's the old Macmillan building completely rebuilt.*** The first floor contains the only theatre on Fifth. Albert Boni is the director of it, and will open it with a repertory company in November.*** With the Baker & Taylor Company across the street, the new Macmillan building next door, The Viking Press and McBride's around the corner, as well as the Dial Press, this part of town makes a bid for a publishing centre. ***Well, now the evening shades are falling fast. A fond farewell until next week.

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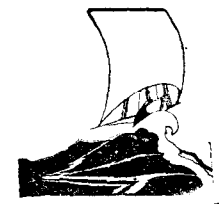

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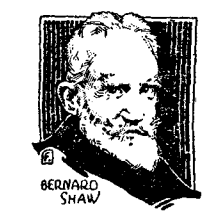

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AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES.

THE library of Mrs. Hamilton [illegible] of this city, sold by her order, will be the first book sale of the season at the American Art Galleries. It has been scheduled for the afternoon and evening of November 4 and 5. It comprises art monographs, French illustrated books of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, books designed by Bruce Rogers, and standard library sets, many in fine bindings.

Part I of the Charles F. Gunther collection of books and manuscripts, the property of the Chicago Historical Society, will also be sold in November. It is unusually rich in Oriental manuscripts, palm strips from India, Ceylon, Burmah, Tibet, written in Sanskrit, Singhalese, and other Eastern languages; and rare Tibetan Buddhist scriptures only three or four complete copies of which exist outside of the religious houses of Tibet. The manuscripts include an unpublished ballad by Robert Burns, Pope's original epitaph for Swift, compositions by Liszt, Handel, Shumann, Rossini, Shubert, Beethoven. The association volumes include John Milton's copy of Frischlin's "Comedies" with the poet's initials on the title and his markings in the volume. An extensive collection of Shakespeareana includes the first quarto of "The Taming of the Shrew" and also the Second and Fourth Folios.

Other sales to be held in the early Fall and Winter include the important library of the late W. W. C. Wilson, of Montreal, which will be sold in two parts: first, general literature with many rare first editions, books on art, books with colored plates, and illustrated books; second, an extensive collection of Americana and Canadiana, the latter comprising many rare and important works; an extensive collection of autograph letters of Francis Bret Harte, being the correspondence addressed to his wife, consigned by its owner, Geoffrey Bret Harte, of London; first editions of modern authors, American and English, the property of Vincent Starrett of Chicago; selections from the library of W. R. Browne of Wyoming, N. Y. comprising an important collection of books [illegible] together with [illegible] publications; [illegible] the library of Alex[illegible] Chicago, including auto[illegible] rare books, first editions and [illegible] important library of a [illegible] comprising an ex[illegible] library sets, some [illegible] many in three-quarter [illegible] morocco bindings; the well known collection of New York views and Americana formed by Henry Gold[illegible] said to be the most important [illegible] field offered for sale since the sale of the Percy Pine collection; the well known collection of first editions of Bret Harte formed by the late Charles Kozlay and the library of the late J. Hood Wright of New York comprising art and illustrated books that seldom appear for sale, together with many standard sets, many in fine bindings. These are only a few of the consignments that are to be sold before the holidays.

WALTER GILLISS, TYPOGRAPHER.

THE recent death of Walter Gillis, famous American typographer and for over twenty years secretary of the Grolier Club, has brought out striking tributes from various directions. He began his career as a printer in 1869 when he and his brother purchased a small press with a limited assortment of type and began to print outside of school hours for local tradesmen. Two years later they formed the firm of Gilliss Brothers at 48 Nassau street. In the half century since, Mr. Gilliss was constantly identified with the best in American typography. The acquaintance that developed with the scholar and bibliophile, William Loring Andrews, led to the printing of many of his books. After 1908, Mr. Gilliss devoted his energies to supervising and designing the typography of books rather than to their actual production. In this capacity of adviser and designer he did some notable work for Doubleday, Page & Co.

In a tribute in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Douglas C. McMurtrie says:

"Suffice it to say that he was endowed with a typographic taste and sense of visualization of copy reduced to type which was excelled by no other man of his generation. Most of our distinguished typographic designers perfect their designs and lay-outs by setting type and criticizing and revising proofs, trying successively various arrangements until a satisfactory result is attained. Walter Gillis did not work this way. With a manuscript in front of him he conceived the book in type before a line was set, and marked on it specific instructions for composition that were practically final. His eye for what the letter press printer calls 'color,' that is evenness and uniformity of ink and impression, was unsurpassed. When he passed a press sheet as satisfactory, it was beyond criticism. In any history of printing in America, the name of Walter Gilliss must always have a position of eminence."

A COLLECTOR'S FAVORITE.

DURING the last two or three years Anthony Trollope has been in the very front rank of modern authors who are popular with collectors. In the careful analysis of authors whose first editions are in most demand in England, according to the monthly tabulation printed in *The Bookman's Journal* of want advertisements printed in English trade papers during the last twelve months, Trollope has stood first in the sixty authors listed three times; second, four times; fifth, once; sixth, once; seventh, once; fourteenth, once; and sixteenth, once. This record has been a good deal of a surprise, for until recent years collectors paid little attention to Trollope. The first book of this Victorian novelist appeared in 1847. In thirty-five years, he wrote forty-seven novels, five books of short stories, four of travel, three of essays, a life of Cicero, and edited an edition of Caesar, in all 134 volumes. He had relations with sixteen different publishers. Most of his books were successful. The collector's difficulty is in finding copies in passably good condition because most copies of the first edition appear to have been read to death, or, on the other hand, have become obscure because they were not read at all.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE first sale of the season at the Anderson Galleries was held October 5 and 6, and was well attended and fair prices were realized. There were few rare items, the 524 lots bringing $2,540.85.

The Bruton copy of Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," one of the finest copies of the first edition with collector's points in existence, was bought by Charles Sessler, the well known rare book dealer of Philadelphia, for £910, and was sold last month to Judge John M. Patterson, it is said, for about $6,000.

Vol. VI of "Print Prices Current" just issued in London is a record of rare etchings and engravings sold at auction in London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh between October, 1923 and August, 1924. This record since its beginning has been accepted as authoritative, and with the growing interest in prints, has really become indispensable.

"The Literature of the Middle Western Frontier," by Ralph L. Rusk, published by the Columbia University Press, is a bibliographical work of the first importance. Frontier civilization in the great Middle West from 1700 to 1840 is mirrored in its rich but today little known literature. These two volumes must become one of the chief sources for investigators into the creative life of this particular region.

Douglas C. McMurtrie has published in an edition of 150 copies, "A History of Typefounding in the United States" by David Bruce, Jr. After a lifetime spent in the typefounding industry Mr. Bruce wrote this historical sketch, dated Brooklyn, November 14, 1874, which has since been preserved in manuscript in the library of the American Typefounding Company in Jersey City. The manuscript evidently had not been revised, and has required some editing, but it has been printed substantially as written in a beautiful quarto of thirty-eight pages. Mr. Bruce added to his personal knowledge a great deal of painstaking research, and this volume should be of competence to any one interested in the typographic arts in this country.

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